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THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

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Personal MENTION

• NATIONAL elections, south of the Rio Grande, have again directed the world's attention to the puzzling procedures of Mexican "democracy." The present condition of the people and the policies that have shaped their lives—rather than political figures—is the subject of ANN REED BURNS' article, *Barefoot Mexico*.

While mastering the Spanish language in that country, the author has been observing and writing. She is a long way from her Oregon home. At the University in her native State she attended the School of Journalism. Eminently unsuccessful in soliciting advertising, she joined the editorial staff of a magazine. 1937 found her working for the Berlitz School of Languages in Rockefeller Center, New York. Her stay in Mexico will prepare her for further work in journalism.

• WHEN Mary Anderson passed away, a spirit noted for vital Catholicity as well as remarkable dramatic gifts was lost to the world. New England-born DORAN HURLEY tells the story of "*Our Mary*," as she was affectionately called.

Educated at Providence College and Brown University, the narrator was engaged in newspaper and radio work before entering the field of Catholic writing. His two novels—*Monsignor* and *Herself: Mrs Patrick Crowley* have been selections of the Catholic Book of the Month Club. A previous collection of short stories, *The Old Parish*, is now in its third edition. Dramatized, and awaiting Broadway production—after try-outs in Wilmington and Baltimore—is his novel, *Herself: Mrs Patrick Crowley*.

• IT is a long span from *Manhattan to the Middle Ages*. But KATHERINE BRÉGY proves an interesting guide in showing us some of the treasures of Catholic culture which link the past and the present. Visitors to New York can follow her footsteps through the metropolis to places of



Ann Reed Burns

Catholic artistic interest. Perhaps a few of the bustling citizens of that city may also learn something from it.

• HIGHLY favorable comment on FR. JOHN S. KENNEDY's April contribution on "best sellers" is still reaching us. Equally forceful and informative is his criticism this month of current books, *Best-Seller Heaven*. So limited is the time which most of us can spare for reading, that it is well to have on hand just such a reference that will direct us to the better books, and warn us against those which—no matter how highly publicized—are of doubtful worth or are positively harmful.

• SUMMER days invite to lighter literature. For fiction we offer *The Gimcrack*—story of a heroic girl, by WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE; a submarine yarn of today's warfare, *The Black Cross*, by FRANCIS H. SIBSON; and ENID DINNIS' tale, *The Little Pitcher*.

• FROM Washington, where Congress receives the reactions of the people whom it represents, JOHN C. O'BRIEN sends a newspaper correspondent's observations as *America Looks Beyond the War*.

• WE CALL attention to the new series of pictures which MARIO BARBERIS, internationally known artist of Rome, has drawn for the cover of THE SIGN. His general theme is Christ in the modern world. At a time when too little emphasis is given to God and religion, we believe his inspirational art will be a vivid reminder of the place Christ should occupy in our lives. His drawings of Fr. Damian Reid's recent series received wide acclaim.

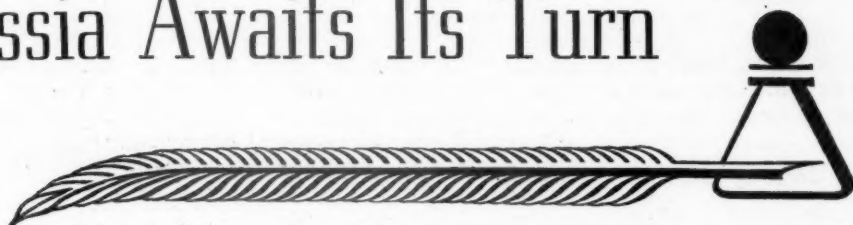
• IN THE *Passionists in China* department are three interesting articles of value not only to the mission-minded, but to all who wish to keep in touch with developments in the Far East.



Doran Hurley

EDITORIAL

Russia Awaits Its Turn



DESPITE faint rumors of peace or compromise the world stands by, fascinated and in fear, waiting for the battle of the British Isles. Headlines are scanned, radio reports listened to for the news that the great struggle has begun. As we write, the increasing violence of the preliminary skirmishes gives some warning of what the full impact of desperate attack and desperate defense will be.

Over the prostrate and bleeding lands which have felt its might, the German military machine marches to the shores that separate it from England. For this day of attack have men labored, and women reared their sons. For this day have taxes been thrust upon the nations, and rationed food been doled out to millions of hungry parents and children.

Across the Channel another nation watches and waits. Tensely it scans the skies; anxiously it patrols the waters. Maori, Anzacs, Canadians—strange faces under a common flag—are seen on the streets and in the towns of England. Vigilance, expectancy, preparedness have gripped every soul upon that little island. They know no peace.

One man can name the hour of attack. When his troops are massed, his boats prepared, his supply lines fully established—when he believes he is ready, he will strike. History awaits his word.

There are millions of Christians in England; millions in Germany; millions in Italy. They are men, women, and children who, in their own tongue and according to their knowledge, speak to God. Many of them are decent men and women. They would not steal; they shrink from a lie; violence is repugnant to them. But, stirred by the fire of patriotism and nationalism, they will be locked in mortal combat.

IT is an appalling prospect. Victor and vanquished alike know that when the roar of the guns has ceased, when peace is made—perhaps before that time—famine and pestilence will take tremendous toll of those who have not perished by the ingenuity and ruthlessness of their fellow men. Disease has no respect for epaulets or laurel wreaths, nor does hunger ask the nationality of its victim. It is grimly impartial to race, color, and creed.

We have come on such days as made the prophets weep. For while Christians kill one another, the atheistic hordes of Russia advance, now here, now there. Pushing farther westward, they swallow nations,

enslave their people, and strengthen their own position.

Their neutrality is that of the vulture which circles above its embattled prey. Their dream is taking on reality. Nations whom they could never hope to defeat are exhausting themselves. Unless there is some unsuspected change in the entire European struggle, the day will come when Red Russia will strike at what remains of Western civilization.

The added horror of it all is that when Russia strikes it will be to enslave the soul as well as the body. The Reds do not ask whether one is a Baptist or a Methodist or a Catholic. Difference of creed means as little to them as the color of one's eyes. They simply find out if one believes in God. And the whole world knows what the Reds do to believers.

AND how is this threat met? In the first seven months of the European war we of the United States increased our exports to Russia 18 per cent over the same period for 1938-39! The increase has been greatest in such potential war materials as ferro-alloys and copper. But be not alarmed! Official circles, reports the *New York Times*, "feel confident that none of this has been re-exported to help feed the German war machine." We may sleep in peace—only peaceful, neutral Russia is getting this war material from us! What a contribution to world peace!

In Russia, to quote the *Catholic Herald* of London, "the British re-opened conversations with the Bolsheviks, using as their spokesman the most conspicuous leader, of that Popular Front movement which brought Spain to godless anarchy and threatened to do the same to a France immensely weakened by its attack of that fatal disease." And the same Catholic paper pleads in large headlines: that the "Whole Christian Force of This Country Must be Mobilized Against this Suicidal Move."

Meanwhile Professor Schuman of Williams College urges a "great coalition" of the United States, Soviet Russia, and Great Britain. And meanwhile, too, Red Russia laughs at the Christian nations which are playing into its itching, blood-stained hands. This is the threat we must keep in mind.

Father Theophane Maguire S.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

ONE of the fundamental weaknesses of the Allies was a lack of co-ordination between their political and military policies. They gave guarantees to small countries

Monroe Doctrine and Our Defense

needed a military machine capable of taking the offensive and of breaking through to bring aid to the countries guaranteed. At the same time, their whole military policy was based on a war of defense; their military machine was geared to defense rather than attack. The results were disastrous—for guarantors and guaranteed alike.

We have a lesson to learn from the Allied debacle. The Monroe Doctrine, as it has been understood up to the present, amounts to a United States guarantee of the entire Western Hemisphere—from Cape Horn to the North Pole. One has only to glance at a map to realize what a gigantic undertaking it would be to defend this enormous area against the attacks of a powerful and aggressive enemy—or combination of enemies. If we are not prepared now, and will not be for years to come, to implement our guarantees with military measures, should we limit them to an area we could defend with hope of success, and in that case what would this area be? Some say all of the territory north of the "bulge" of South America. Advocates of what is coming to be known as the "quarter-sphere" theory of defense include only the area from Ecuador and the Galapagos to Hawaii and Alaska on the west, and from the Guianas and West Indies to Newfoundland and Greenland on the east.

These questions have a real and immediate importance. We are just beginning a vast armament program of land, sea, and air forces. We should know now—at least in a general way—what we are going to use our vast military machine for, as its purpose will necessarily determine its character and size.

Then too there is the difficult and delicate matter of sea and airplane bases. If we are going to defend even a portion of South America, it will be necessary for us to have such bases in various South American countries. These must be obtained by honest measures—treaty, purchase, lease, etc.—and therefore in co-operation with the countries in which they are situated. This is a problem for American diplomacy, and success in this field would be as important to us as a great military victory.

We can depend on our army and naval leaders to provide the strategy for the defense of the United States, but the example of the Allies shows that there

must be co-ordination between our political and military policies. There is a necessary relation between the guarantees we give and our ability to back up these guarantees.

WE Americans have been taught many lessons by European events of the past few years. One of them is that a nation that cannot defend itself, and with its

We Depend on Ourselves

own resources, in its hour of need, is doomed to destruction. A nation which depends upon another when attacked is leaning on a reed. Austria was abandoned in her hour of need. Czechoslovakia fared no better. Poland collapsed while her friends were rallying their forces—hundreds of miles away. France went down to defeat because—among other reasons—her ally, Britain, had practically no army with which to help her. Now last of all, Britain fights alone.

By the Monroe Doctrine we have obligated ourselves to the defense of this hemisphere. It would be natural and just that we should expect to receive the co-operation of the various countries of this hemisphere in a work of mutual benefit. We should exert every effort to secure it. But if we depend on it we should be guilty of a fatal folly.

We might just as well face the fact that we have few friends among the Latin American republics to the south of us. President Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy has been helpful in breaking down prejudice and in building up good will, but it has been too short-lived to have borne much fruit. There still exists a fear of the "Yankee imperialism" of the "Colossus of the North." As a result, a desire on our part to co-operate in a military way will be looked upon suspiciously as a veiled effort to extend United States hegemony in the south.

Furthermore, Nazi efforts at cultural and economic penetration in South America have met with considerable success, especially in some of the larger and more important countries. These efforts have been directed against the United States. The Nazis have worked to advantage on the Latin American's fear of United States domination, and although the Germans are not popular it would be foolish to think that South Americans take us at our own evaluation of ourselves. Then, too, there are large foreign colonies, especially of Germans and Italians, in South America, and a considerable amount of Fascist sentiment. Democracy exists in name only. The democracy of the United States is pictured in Nazi and Red propaganda as a capitalistic plutocracy serving as a cover for the oppression of the

working class. Commercially, too, we are at a disadvantage because we are competitors of many South American countries while the Nazis are customers.

The difficulties in the way, however, should not deter us from making every effort to secure Latin American co-operation in defending this hemisphere against attack. But ultimately we depend on ourselves and ourselves alone. We shall stand or fall by our own efforts and our own resources of men and materials.

A STATEMENT of importance to Catholics and to the nation at large was presented to the Senate Committee on Military Affairs by Monsignor Ready. It expressed

Attitude of the Bishops on Proposed Draft

the general attitude of the Archbishops and Bishops of N. C. W. C. Administrative Board on the proposed selective military draft. The first purpose of the statement was the request for exemption from the draft of priests, ministers of religion, students preparing for the priesthood, and Brothers. Declaring that the proposed legislation departs from national tradition, Monsignor Ready pointed out that the Selective Draft of 1917 specifically made these exemptions. The "deferred status" provided by the present bill is a precarious right. Its interpretation and application are far from definite.

Recognizing that the United States faces possible dangers because of the war which is ravaging Europe, and that such dangers call for adequate preparations, the question is raised as to whether preparedness on the vast scale contemplated by the Bill is necessary. Whatever emergency may develop, it is not in accord with the best traditions of our country—which understands the important part of religion and the clergy in maintaining moral standards—that "men dedicated by vow to the service of education and charity, to a life of religion and the pursuits of peace, should have this specific dedication frustrated."

Everyone will recognize the fairness of the Bishops' reasons: that the increase of priests each year is scarcely sufficient for replacements in the clergy; that our seminaries are training schools for priests who serve as chaplains; that to subject seminary students to the provision of the proposed Bill would deplete the student body at a time when it should be increased; that a serious curtailment of religion would follow as the indirect result of governmental action; that an impairment of the charitable and educational, as well as the religious, work of the Catholic Church in the United States would result from the enforcement of such provisions.

Catholics should follow the progress of this and any similar Bill, and express themselves vigorously and promptly in accord with the attitude of our Bishops.

Mass evacuation of children from England has run into some serious snags. Warships needed for home defense can hardly be spared for convoy. Protests in the

American Homes for Refugee Children

House of Commons voiced the complaint that the rich were able to send their children away, while the poor were caught. On this side of the Atlantic a generous interest has been aroused in providing a temporary asylum for these innocents. A

movement is under way to provide American ships for their transportation. This, of course, would require a further exemption from our Neutrality Act. If all obstacles are swept away, Catholics who are in a position to assist will do their part in salvaging these children from the bitter present for that better future which, we hope, lies ahead. The pity of it is that boys and girls of other nations, now overrun and conquered, could not have been spared the sorrows of "total" war.

A Gallup survey reports five million United States homes willing to take a child. We wonder why persons who have available space and resources to care for children from abroad, cannot give some time and attention to those American boys and girls whose vision of the United States is limited to the walls of a tenement or the horizon of the slums. Enjoyment of better surroundings, even for a far less time than refugee children would share them, would prove to these future citizens of our democracy the kinship of their more fortunate fellow Americans.

THERE is something pathetic in the sight of a defeated and prostrate France trying to organize a new government and to recover what little she can of her national life and strength. The

Hitler's Plans for France

French people are making an heroic effort to adapt themselves to the new and necessarily humiliating circumstances in which they find themselves. According to newspaper accounts, there is growing up a spirit of hesitant and incipient friendship between the French people and the German army of occupation.

But sad to say, the destiny of the French people does not depend now on their own government, however totalitarian it may become to please the conquerors. Nor does it depend on the ordinary rank-and-file German—whether soldier or civilian. The future of France—unless Germany is defeated by Britain—depends on one man—Hitler. The peace terms that he will impose on France will not be known until the war with Britain is over, but there is little reason to believe that the prospects for France are very reassuring.

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler reveals his sentiments toward France. In that book, which has become the Nazi bible and the guide to modern Europe, the Fuehrer says:

We must be quite clear on the following point: France is and will remain an implacable enemy of Germany. It does not matter what governments have ruled or will rule in France . . . their foreign policy will always be directed toward acquiring possession of the Rhine frontier and consolidating France's position on this river by disuniting and dismembering Germany . . . I insist on this point, and I am profoundly convinced of it, namely that this second alternative (life and death struggle with France) will one day be chosen and carried out in one way or another. . . . Only when Germans have taken all this fully into account will they cease allowing their national will to life wear itself out in mere passive defense but will rally together for a last decisive contest with France.

The "decisive contest" is over and has been decided against France. It is certainly not in Hitler's plans to permit France to rise again and renew that struggle.

BURMA ROAD, no doubt, sounds like a song to most Americans. The name probably conjures images of oriental nights, palm trees, romance. But to the Chinese, who have been struggling so valiantly these three years, and who have been enduring far more than any single author has described,

Blockading The Burma Road

the blockading of the Burma Road was the cutting of a life line.

It is easy to understand the desperate situation in which the British found themselves. Pressure from a ruthless, declared enemy and from an ambitious eastern power—eager to take advantage of the European war—left Great Britain in a dangerous position. If the arrangement made with Japan should result in an honorable peace for China, the transaction will become a happy one.

All indications at the present, however, mark it as a compromise—perhaps even a forced betrayal of Chinese interests. The bargaining of war days is not the free pact of peaceful times. It is usually sinister, selfish, and devious. Often its results act as a boomerang.

Equally puzzling is the attitude of the United States. Not so long ago one of our missionaries dropped some heavy, ugly-looking shrapnel on the writer's desk. "Some American souvenirs from China," he drily remarked. "Pieces of Japanese bombs dropped in our mission cities in Hunan. Likely enough the scrap iron came from the U. S. A."

If we were at war, we—like the Japanese—would probably get supplies wherever we could. Our rearmament program is an expression of the anxiety which grips the nation. Elsewhere we have written of the folly of selling materials for war munitions to Russia. There is no legitimate reason for Japan to take offense now at any curtailment of supplies which are necessary here. And if China is to be deprived of the means of defending herself—we can at least see to it that her enemies be deprived of the means to prolong a war that is none the less unfair for having been undeclared.

As a result of their military victories, the "New Europe" envisaged by the Nazis is gradually taking shape. As their press proclaims: "the German epoch has begun, and the history of Europe will again be primarily a German history."

The Nazis and the "New Europe"

The German "master race" is to form a state which will be the center of a system of subject "race" or "folk" organizations. The position of these subject states will depend on various circumstances, but particularly on whether or not they resisted the German effort to construct the "New Europe." In any case they will live their lives under the political and economic domination of Germany, will work within the system of her planned economy, and will use labor, not gold, as the measure of value and basis of currency. This system is already being put into effect in the Bohemian-Moravian Protectorate, in the Polish Gouvernement General, and to a lesser extent in Slovakia and Denmark.

This system will undoubtedly soon be put into effect in the Netherlands, Belgium, and France. In fact, Hitler has very definite ideas about these countries, and unless

he has changed them, which is unlikely, the outlook for them is not very promising. According to Hermann Rauschning, who was once a confidant of Hitler, the Fuehrer claimed, as early as 1933, that Germany must have the coast of France, and that Northern France, Flanders, and the Netherlands, should be united in a Union of the West. That would leave a weak, dismembered, and isolated France, dominated by the Nazis and living and working wholly within their economic orbit.

THE results of the balloting in the recent elections in Mexico are not known at the time of writing these lines. In fact, they will never be known. The party in

The United States and Mexico

power is the party that counts the ballots—and counts them before they are cast. Why Mexico should go to so much trouble and

expense in holding "elections" is not easy to explain, except that it gives a certain "democratic" respectability to tenure of office in that country.

What has been accomplished in Mexico during the six-year term of President Cardenas is summed up in an article "Barefoot Mexico" appearing on Page 24 of this issue. Conditions described in this article do not give much reassurance for the six years to come.

American attention should be directed toward Mexico. The United States has a long and poorly guarded border with that country. During the World War the Germans made efforts to involve Mexico in a war against the United States by holding out the lure of large stretches of American territory. If the Nazis are victorious in Europe and should they have the temerity to attack the United States, it is probably through Mexico that they would strike.

There is a considerable disunity in Mexico which could very well constitute a weakness of which a foreign power could take advantage. The attitude of the Mexican people toward the United States, while not hostile, is not particularly friendly. Mexicans are divided on their attitude toward the European war. They are pro-French and anti-British, which means that about half are for Germany and half for the Allies. The upper strata of society are for the Allies, the lower for the Germans. Mexico suffers too from considerable internal disunity. For decades it has been a hotbed of radical ideas. Under recent regimes men with Communist ideals have occupied the most important government posts and positions of influence. Vicente Lombardo Toledano, who takes his ideas, if not his orders, from Moscow, is head of the powerful Confederation of Mexican Workers. Inspired by the example of the Spanish Reds, this labor organization has formed labor militia batallions, which muster as many as 50,000 marchers with at least some military training for their May Day parades.

These circumstances make Mexico particularly vulnerable to the activities of "fifth columnists." Already there are hopeful signs, however, in the steps taken by the authorities to meet the danger. There has even been a more cordial attitude manifested toward the United States in recent weeks. In face of the present danger it should be easy to forget past differences and to co-operate effectively in self-defense.

Best-Seller Heaven

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

YOU seat yourself in a restaurant where you habitually do what Emily Post, I think it is, calls putting on the old feedbag. You pick up the thumb-marked menu. "Fifty-five cent special," you read. Without going further, you know just what that means. A cocktail of fresh fruit—from the can. Soup which sadly lacks character. Vulcanized chicken. Spring peas which must have had a long, hard winter. Moist pie with a picnic plate crust.

So too with books. You get a publisher's advance list. Wading chin-deep in superlatives, you note the names of the authors whose latest efforts this impresario is to sponsor, and at once know what to expect.

It is on the basis of past performance that a great part of the reading public does its buying. Books by authors who are favorably familiar, are, sight unseen, assured a large sale. The critical reception accorded their latest offerings carries little weight with their partisans.

Having read *The Indiscretions of Inez*, people know what to expect of Josephine Clatter, hence weeks before her *Dangerous Dora* is available, there are enough advance orders to insure it a best-seller rating. That publishers recognize this fact is evident from their advertising and from the legends which ornament jackets. "Soulsick," we read, "by Walter Inasmuch." Then, in bigger type, "AUTHOR OF *THE WEARY, WEARY ROAD*."

This article treats present best sellers by authors who have some time ago made their peculiar mark. Their public clamors for more of the same, and gets it.

Perhaps. Take Sinclair Lewis' *Bethel Merriday*. "There is a new Sinclair Lewis," said the bookseller who was showing me his stock. This statement was true in a sense other than that intended. For it needs no great amount of sleuthing to discover that the Sinclair Lewis who won the Nobel Prize did not write *Bethel Merriday*. Perhaps the Sinclair Lewis who won the Nobel Prize never existed save in the judgment

of the persons who made the award.

Nevertheless there was a time when Mr. Lewis was a well-equipped, challenging writer, on the way to becoming a major figure in letters. He had a feeling for the American scene with all its extravagances, good and bad. He had a gift of satire. He had a style capable of telling impact once its possessor learned to throw far fewer wild punches. He could take pains with his work, as *Arrowsmith* witnesses. But that man made a wrong turning somewhere. He has not been heard of in some time.

He does not reappear with *Bethel Merriday*. He still allows an awkward, easy-going interloper to use his name.

It is an aimless performance, a story that barely simmers and never comes to a boil. The characters are like the sets in a summer theater, flimsy makeshifts which put a considerable strain on the imagination of the observer. Much of the dialogue could have been lifted from the script of the most banal daytime radio serial. Occasionally the book wakes up in some crackling satire. But Mr. Lewis no longer knows when to let well enough alone. Satire must, of its nature, be trim, sure-

footed, fleet. When it gets fat, stumbling, slow, it is no longer satire but burlesque. Too often Mr. Lewis descends to burlesque, and bad burlesque at that, overlong, labored.

The best-seller lists are now crowded with historical novels, more specifically novels dealing with American history. In the past few months the number has swelled like a hard-whacked nose. This may be because frightening developments abroad occasion a new interest in America, which we like to think a nation apart, safe from foreign madness. We dip into the past to discover what made the distinctive American genius. The historical novel is a relatively painless method of research.

F. Van Wyck Mason's *Three Harbours* was a whopping success. Remembering that fact, booksellers stocked heavily with *Stars On the Sea*. These two novels are the first units in a projected tetralogy, a literary marathon which, from its present pace, one would suppose will run to some 3,000 pages and take in only one or two fewer people than the General Judgment.

The time is Revolutionary War days, and the theme is the embattled colonists' reluctant recognition and meeting of the need of a navy to fight the British fleet. It makes a spirited story. In his descriptions of military and naval action, Mr. Mason is reasonably successful. He does not get tangled in details, and his narrative surges ahead.

But the historical aspects of *Stars On the Sea* is quite secondary to two kinds of sensationalism featured in *Three Harbours* and even more liberally dished out in the second book: physical violence and sexual adventures.

There is more blood-letting in this book than takes place in the Chicago stockyards on their busiest day. To begin with, we have simple fights. Fights of all descriptions, plain and fancy. Even a cockfight. Then come riots. Next, scalplings, amputations, tortures in sickening variety, all exhaustively explored. The popularity



The Sinclair Lewis of the Nobel Prize did not write "Bethel Merriday"

of books sodden with such brutality would seem to argue that there is an alarming percentage of sadists among the American reading public.

As for the sexual extravagances, Mr. Mason's characters make no effort to rein in the weaknesses of the flesh. Love is here interpreted as meaning passion, nothing more. And it is not grand passion, but wholly animal. It is easily stirred, indiscriminate, short-lived. There has been no book in some time so crowded with anatomical descriptions, unless it be a medical school text. Virile young men and shapely young women are paraded before the reader like so many head of prize livestock. There are here more barrel chests, lean flanks, etc., than in the most revealing pictures in the bathing-suit advertisements.

This book is too strong, but one would be naïve to suppose that its gamy odor will drive purchasers away. They will come flocking. They know their Mason and relish it.

Whatever right Louis Bromfield ever had to be considered a major novelist, he has put in hock with the publication of *Night In Bombay*. This is strictly magazine stuff, meant for quick transit from the pages of a slick to one of the cinematic cruller



Elizabeth Goudge writes of men and women who are the hope of a wayward world

bakeries, without any stopover between book covers. But *The Rains Came* was a gold mine. This twin should be another.

Night In Bombay introduces us to a group of what the author rightly calls raddled people. There is

broad-shouldered Bill, a rich young American who is trying to persuade himself that being a hellion is not really a respectable lifework; beautiful Carol, who has come up in the world all the way from a Minnesota farm to the dizzy heights of the international demi-monde; a small, rich, restless maharajah given to malicious mischief; a sleazy, slovenly procuress known as the Baroness; a vapid former pupil of the Baroness, in India to do graduate work; middle-aged Mrs. Trollope, hardened and sharpened by relentless misfortune; her blowsy, foul-mouthed sister. Mingling with these unlovely specimens are a handful of persons not so far gone. One of these is Homer Merrill, a social worker who has been broken in body and in spirit by an unhappy marriage and years of unremitting labor for the poor; the other, Dr. Moti, an Indian scientist who is fiercely devoted to the fight against disease.

All of them meet in Bombay in an atmosphere thunderous with heat and intrigue and lust. Stale cigarette smoke shrouds them; they are awash in a reeking sea of drink. Their story is played against a background of bars and gambling rooms and race tracks.

Carol has taken costly gifts from many men; what she has given in return is never explicitly stated. She was once married to Bill. They did not love each other and soon parted. When they meet again, the reckless Carol is beginning to fear that her crazy career may be approaching a crisis to which she will not be equal. Bill falls in love with her now and wants to save her. Mrs. Trollope clings to Carol, in the belief that the girl brings her much-needed luck. The Baroness wants Carol for one of her establishments. A moody Indian is anxious to have all Bombay know that Carol is engaged to him. Dr. Moti has designs on her, too. For this reason: Homer Merrill is valuable to India. He must recover and continue his great work among the plague-ridden poor.

What Merrill needs, says Moti, is a taste or two of high life washed down by the love of a woman, any woman. Carol will do. Merrill is under her spell, as what man is not, and Carol cares for him. But she is warned by Moti that marriage is out of the question. Is she not notorious throughout India? As Merrill's wife

she would damage his standing with the people. She is to rescue him from his malaise and then disappear from his life.

It is an axiom of superficial fiction that every shady lady has more gold buried in her heart than there is at Fort Knox. Every one of them is excruciatingly noble. Not a hypocrite like your virtuous women. And this is true, Mr. Bromfield would have us believe, of Carol. Complications multiply faster than a child prodigy and, in the end, amount to as little. But eventually all is well. Sin regenerates not only Merrill but Carol, too.

This business of moral rebirth through fornication is standard in cheap fiction. The cause of the man's collapse is always what is sneeringly



Sheila Kaye-Smith is a richly endowed writer, a careful craftsman

referred to as a good woman. Merrill's wife is so pictured: icily proper. There is here a thrust at the Christian code. I am not imagining it. Mr. Bromfield goes out of his way to castigate missionaries and tilt at religion. He puts some harsh words against both in the mouth of Moti, a character he obviously admires.

The fact is, of course, that he is hitting puritans and puritanism, neither of which represents Christ's kind of Christianity. The deceased Mrs. Merrill may have been, in an improper sense, very proper; in a bad sense, very good. But she was not a good wife, a Christian wife.

Do two wrongs make a right? Mr. Bromfield argues that they do. The use of sewage for medicinal pur-

poses is not recognized practice, so far as I know. Except in fictitious fiction. *Night In Bombay* being just that, flagrantly that, follows such unorthodox procedure. This novel is literature for the intellectually illiterate. It ought, therefore, to have a wide appeal:

Now let us come up for air.

In marked contrast to the books last mentioned is Elizabeth Goudge's *The Bird in the Tree*. This comes as no surprise to anyone acquainted with her work. One could predict that, barring a violent change in matter and manner, a new novel by her would be a wholesome story competently presented. "Wholesome" and "competent" now have unfortunate literary connotations.

Wholesome has come to mean innocuous. A story is dubbed wholesome when it deals with amiable but stupid people, whose stomachs will digest anything, but whose wills gag on indecency-hale extroverts who just do not know their way around. To call a writer's work competent is to damn it with faint praise, for that word now signifies no more than that an author does not use "them" in an adjectival sense.

In reality, a wholesome story is not an outlandish garment, cut from whole cloth, laundered to limpness, and fitting no normal human being. It is a story peopled by characters who live not by whim but by law. There are millions of such people in the world; why should they be barred from literature? And true competence is a rare quality in modern writers. Tricks are too much stressed. There is a premium on mannered writing, particularly bad-mannered writing. Sound, coherent, flexible prose is woefully uncommon.

To return to Miss Goudge, she is not a great writer. But she is genuinely able. More, she is realistic. That is to say, she takes into account the spiritual forces, the moral values which shape the lives of innumerable people, lives which it is the function of the writer to observe and to mirror.

The Bird in the Tree is a story of conflict between desire and duty. David, a handsome young actor, falls in love with his uncle's divorced wife, Nadine, and she with him. He returns to his grandmother's home, which is one day to be his, to tell her what has happened. This matriarch, Lucilla, is an extraordinary

woman, very old and fragile, but firm-willed and triumphant over all the chances and changes which eighty years can bring. Staying with her are Nadine's three children, orphans by divorce.

Lucilla hears David's story, is distressed, but rallies her forces and staves off what can only prove a tragedy for all concerned. David and



There is never a closed season on P. G. Wodehouse. Read him and laugh

Nadine come to understand that fidelity is finer than pleasure, ultimately more rewarding. Nadine goes back to her husband.

Most notable in *The Bird in the Tree* is the quiet emphasis on immortality and its bearing on human conduct. The fact that man is more than flesh, sets him apart from the beasts that perish and implies that he must live by the spirit which informs his humanity. Miss Goudge's characters do just that. This does not mean that her novels are prissy preachments, her characters cardboard misanthropes. She writes of the kind of men and women who are the hope of a wayward world.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, we know from her past books, writes of admirable people, too. There are villains in her stories, to be sure, but not all of her characters are moral villains. *The Yearling* gave us a picture of humble folk who are miserably poor and have to grub for a living, but who, nevertheless, are upright, gallant, rich in the family virtues now so little prized by ardent progressives. We meet more of them in Mrs. Rawlings' col-

lection of short stories, *When the Whippoorwill*. They have much in common with Miss Goudge's men and women, even though they are not educated and polished and surrounded with comforts, as are the characters in *The Bird in the Tree*.

Kings Row is a step, a whole flight of steps, down from the level of *When the Whippoorwill*. Then why notice it, you ask, especially in view of the fact that the author, Henry Bellamann, is comparatively unknown and your purpose is consideration of new works by established novelists? Because, I answer, it fits neatly into a familiar category, that of the conventional book about unconventional people. Every season sees at least one such work skyrocketing to commercial success. I shall not give this oversize novel much space. But it must be noticed because of its support of a contention previously made by me, namely, that a book devoid of literary value, if sufficiently hair-raising, will be bought in quantity.

Kings Row is a small American city with a disturbingly peculiar population. The story named for the city is a catalogue of the abnormalities of these people. Sadism, perversion, suicide, murder, insanity in several forms, incest, adultery—here are only a few of the enormities which flourish as riotously and as noxiously as weeds in the dark, malodorous pages of this novel. It is a wretched book, depressing not only because of its subject matter, but also, and more, because of its monotonous writing. A better title would have been *City of the Plains*, a paraphrase of the Biblical phrase which symbolizes degeneracy. One hopes that Kings Row is not typical of the America which God is now loudly called upon to bless. He did not bless Sodom; He destroyed it.

Oast houses, kilns, hop gardens, fields so cherished by their owners that each has its name, ancient farmhouses, Sussex dialect, the marshes and the sea—what do all these spell? Sheila Kaye-Smith, of course. They are essential to any novel by her. They are all to be found in her latest book, *Ember Lane*.

Sheila Kaye-Smith is a richly endowed writer, a careful craftsman. She always writes well, sometimes superlatively well. She takes pains with the structure of her stories and she projects their moments of high

tension with a force that has nothing tentative about it. It is sure and strong, occasionally ruthless. A vein of earthy humor runs through her narrative. Her novels have an organic quality, all the more emphasized by adroit change of pace in the telling.

Ember Lane does not mark the peak of her achievement. One is impressed by the fact that most of the characters live and act wholly on a natural plane. That is to say, their code is utilitarian, their notion of morality is summarized in one word, "convenience." They are not down to the level of the characters in *Night In Bombay*, nor are they up to the level of those in *The Bird in the Tree*. They are not beyond salvaging, but, as one of them says, they think that "'ought' is an aspidistra." One would never suspect that their fashioner is a Catholic.

One always knows what to expect in a story by P. G. Wodehouse, whose latest book is *Eggs, Beans, and Crumpets*. There will be a vacant-headed young man who lacks gold or silver but has plenty of brass. There will be aunts and uncles in the offing: the aunts moneyed but stingy, tyrannical and highly critical of their nephew's vagaries; the uncles gay old dogs who cut extravagant capers. There will be a fair young lady with whom the none-too-bright young man will fall immediately, desperately in love. There will be a rival for the heart of this ethereal creature, and this rival will have some advantage over the smitten young man, either a title or a bankroll or a boxer's physique plus a nasty temper. There will be complications caused by incredible misunderstandings and mishaps. The young man will be worsted and will scamper off with heart badly but temporarily lacerated, ready for another romance, this time surely the real thing.

Eggs, Beans, and Crumpets is no startling departure from the pattern. Wodehouse has written hundreds of stories in the formula used for the tales in this book. Yet one never tires of them, provided he does not take them in big doses. Consummate skill goes into the telling of each. Only occasionally does one get the impression that the Old Master is just going through the motions, his mind but half on his work. Yes, the theme is always the same, but the variations are in each instance fresh

and hilarious. These improvisations are like those of a familiar entertainer whose turn, though always basically the same routine, is ever richly amusing.

There is never a closed season on Wodehouse. Read him and laugh. Thousands are eager to do so, and they will find *Eggs, Beans, and Crumpets* as provocative of chuckles as they hope.

Angela Thirkell has a manner all her own. Her light novels are becoming annual events. She has caught on with the American public, and her *Before Lunch* will serve to strengthen her position.

It is not her best work, but it has its share of the attributes that account for her popularity. Perhaps her characteristic quality is cleverness. In this instance her plot is tenuous, a tangle of romantic threads. But one is never in doubt as to the issue. The handling is deft. Without a show of effort, Miss Thirkell manages to keep the stock



Angela Thirkell, whose light novels are becoming annual events

elements of light, bright fiction spinning and flashing in the air. Her satire is incisive.

Elizabeth's name betokens a very feminine production, in many respects feline. A story by her will be leisurely and graceful, with now and then an exhibition of sharp claws in the form of mockery that leaves a delicate tracery of scratches on the victim. For decades Elizabeth has been dispensing charm and splitting

infinities. She keeps right on doing these things in *Mr. Skeffington*.

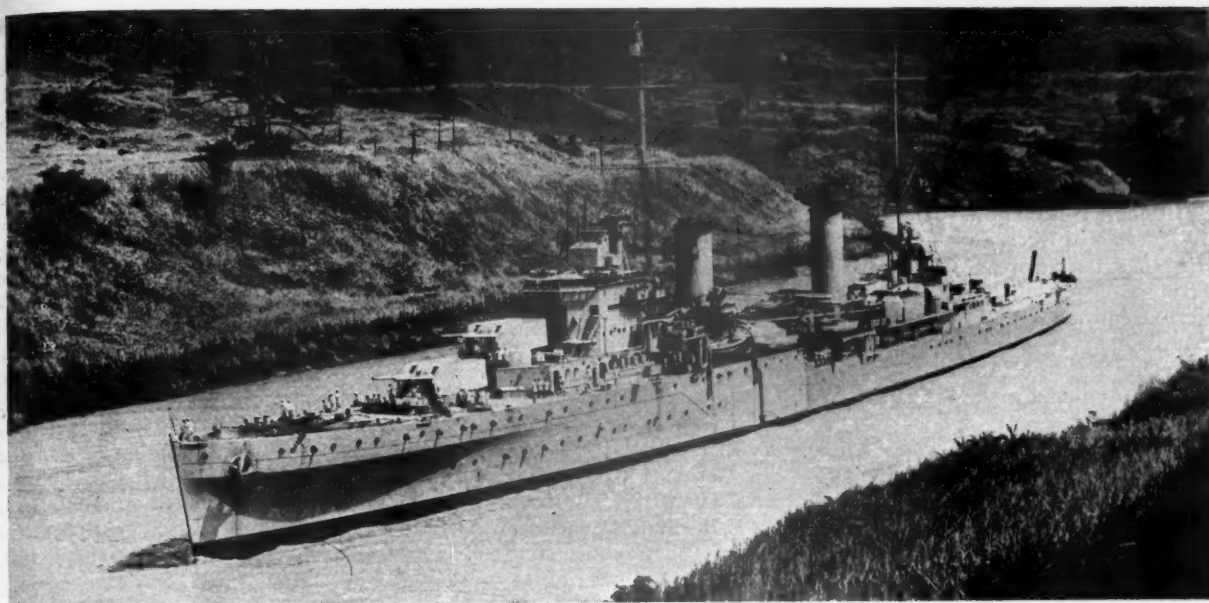
The book bears Mr. Skeffington's name, but he does not make an appearance until the last few pages. However, he dominates the story from the start. His former wife, Fanny, has just had a severe illness, from which she is recovering. She has also just reached the age of fifty, from which there is no recovering. A famous beauty, she has enslaved many men. Now she becomes fretful. It is not only the unpleasant fact of being half a century old. It is much more the fact of looking her age and losing her hair. But most of all the fact that her husband Job, who years before settled a lot of money on her and, to her relief, cleared out of her life, is ever present in her thoughts. Do what she will, she imagines that she sees him, hears him everywhere.

Fanny resolves to shake off her melancholy, to rid herself of her hallucinations. To that end she begins a round of visits to former admirers. Once each had assured her that she was the light of his life, had begged for exclusive title to her heart. But now all have forgotten her, are preoccupied with new interests, are annoyed by her intrusion into their lives. Only one man makes love to her—a debt-burdened bounder who wants her money.

On all sides she gets this advice: find Job and resume your life with him. At first annoyed, she begins to realize that her unhappiness results directly from her failure as a wife and her avoidance of the responsibility of having children. She makes no move to go to Job, but he comes to her, now penniless and blind as the result of the gentle ministrations of the Nazis.

Some of Elizabeth's dewy freshness has evaporated. This book is more brittle than its predecessors, for all the melodrama of its ending. But the old charm is not gone. It endures and is operative. Those who seek it in *Mr. Skeffington*, will not do so in vain.

Am I entitled to write "Q.E.D." here, at the close of this article? My thesis was, you may dimly recollect, that readers come to writers like children to their elders and say, "Tell it again." Writers gladly comply and are rewarded for their kindness by a place high in the Best-Seller Heaven.



A warship passing through the Panama Canal. The Canal is of vast importance in the American defense plan

Wide World photo

America Looks Beyond the War

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

AMERICA'S thinking, acutely sensitive to each turn of world affairs, has taken a new direction in the last few weeks. A month ago public debate devolved around the question: "Shall we strip the Army and Navy of so-called surplus arms and war materials to save the Allies from defeat?" Today, hardly anyone, in or outside of Washington, believes that it lies within the power of the United States to change the course of the war. France having collapsed, eventual defeat of Great Britain is all but taken for granted. The question now is: "How is the United States to cope with a totalitarian world?" America's thinking has veered from war to post-war problems.

This is not to say that the policy of aid to the Allies short of an expeditionary force has been abandoned altogether. So long as the United Kingdom continues to resist, the Administration will endeavor to maintain a steady flow of airplanes and other implements of war across the Atlantic. The Royal Navy's audacious seizure of the French fleet

bolstered, in a measure at least, a lagging faith in England's ability to hold out. Should the unexpected happen—should Great Britain succeed in prolonging the war into the winter—it is not inconceivable that a demand might arise in this country for a fuller measure of participation than has yet been undertaken. If the war should drift into a stalemate, Congress may yet be asked to extend credits and to convoy supplies—foodstuffs as well as munitions—to the beleaguered Britons.

But right now the country is thinking in terms of a complete Nazi triumph in Europe, of a world completely dominated, outside of this hemisphere, by dictators. How would the United States fare in such a world? In which direction would the dictators move next? Against this hemisphere? If so, what measures must this country take to safeguard its security and protect its trade and standard of living? These are the problems that in the last few weeks have superseded the aid-to-the-Allies controversy.

On one point there is scarcely any

controversy. A Nazi victory would menace the security and trade of the United States. Capitulation of Great Britain and the surrender of the Royal Navy would destroy our first line of defense in the Atlantic. Even if the British should scuttle their fleet or transfer it to one of the dominions, it would be but a few years before Hitler, controlling all the ship-building facilities of Europe, would build a great navy and a merchant marine. Bear in mind that he would control also the industrial and munitions plants of Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Low Countries, France and Great Britain, to say nothing of the Bofors works in Sweden, and it is not possible to overestimate the might which could be mobilized against this country.

There is also to be considered the economic aspect of a Nazi victory. With all Europe blocked into the Nazi totalitarian system, America's hopes of regaining her European markets would be dashed. A country devoted to free enterprise and committed to a gold standard monetary

system would face a Europe where industrial output and exports would be government-controlled, and trade on a monetary exchange basis would be forbidden. For the United States the alternative would be trade on Hitler's terms or no trade at all.

Faced with such a prospect, America has been forced to turn away from Europe and look to the Western Hemisphere, for it is now quite apparent that it is here in the New World that the American way of life must make a stand against the totalitarians.

American policy, as it is now being shaped, is predicated upon the primary assumption that the security and economic salvation of the United States depend upon keeping Nazi Germany out of the Western Hemi-

lie at the gateway of the Panama Canal. In the hands of a hostile power, these New World possessions would seriously complicate the defense of the United States.

Below the Mexican border lie the twenty Latin American republics, all defensively weak and many of them already hotbeds of Nazi and Fascist intrigue. Brazil is nearly as far from our shores as from Germany, and much nearer Africa, which, if Hitler wins the war, would be his to use as a base for military operations on this side of the Atlantic. In many of the southern republics German fifth-column activities have attained such intensity as to alarm the State Department. Already German commercial counselors are on the ground offering to buy large

with our gold standard economy and high wages, could compete with Hitler's forced labor battalions.

In South America's vulnerability to Nazi economic penetration lies the danger to the United States. The loss of the South American market—the only one that may be open to us after the war—would be a severe blow to our after-the-war economy. But that is not the main worry of the American policy makers. Of much graver consequence would be the political enslavement that would certainly follow the economic enslavement of the southern republics; the establishment on the southern continent of Nazi-dominated states that could be used as bases for subsequent military operations against the United States. In that sense, the protection of our trade with our Latin American neighbors is a military as well as an economic necessity.

Acutely aware of the magnitude of the task, the Administration is bending its efforts to enlistment of the South American countries in a joint undertaking of hemisphere defense. A united Pan-American front to resist Nazi aggression, whether it take the form of military or economic conquest, is the Administration's present aim.

In pursuit of that objective, the Administration's first step was a pointed reaffirmation of the historic doctrine of America for Americans. On June 17, the State Department warned Chancellor Adolf Hitler and Prime Minister Benito Mussolini that the United States would tolerate no interference in the affairs of any western hemisphere nation. In this, Secretary Hull had the approbation of Congress, expressed in a joint resolution declaring that in no event would this country recognize the transfer or the attempt to transfer sovereignty over any territory in the Western Hemisphere to a non-American power. Contemptuous rejection of the State Department's warning by Hitler's Foreign Office merely evoked a more emphatic reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine by Secretary Hull and by the President.

With that as a starting point, the President invited the Foreign Ministers of the South American nations to confer with Secretary Hull at Havana on measures for the protection of the peace of the Western Hemisphere, economic co-operation and re-examination of Pan-American neutrality policy in the light of pres-



Latin American boys entertained by Nazis while they see the "New Germany"

sphere, that is, out of South America as well as out of the United States.

Our military experts are agreed that the security of the country depends also upon the maintenance of an open Panama Canal for movement of the United States fleet from one coast to the other, and upon denial to an enemy of bases of operation in the Western Hemisphere. That being the case, the question of who shall control foreign-held possessions in the Caribbean is a matter of immediate concern to American policy makers. Greenland, a Danish colony, lies a few hours' flight from New England. To the south, the Dutch West Indies, the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, the British Bahamas and Jamaica, British Trinidad, and British, Dutch, and French Guiana, all

quantities of South American goods as soon as the war is over.

For the South American countries the temptation to enter into such barter trade agreements with the Nazis is great. Since the start of the war all these countries have suffered derangements of their economic life as a result of the loss of their European markets. They are glutted with exportable surpluses of coffee, wheat, meat products, cotton, and copper, products of which the United States also has large surpluses. They are desperately in need of money and manufactured products. Since their surpluses are competitive with those of the United States, Europe seems to be their only outlet. The basis for trade between North and South America does not exist, and if it did, it is extremely doubtful whether we,

ent circumstances caused by the war.

Obviously, neither the President nor his advisers look to the southern republics to contribute materially to joint defense of the hemisphere. None of the South American countries has an army or a navy capable of combating a fourth-class foe. Any undertaking they might enter into with respect to preventing the transfer of territory in this hemisphere to a foreign power would have to be supported by the armed forces of the United States. What the Administration desires is a commitment by the southern republics to a joint policy of resisting aggression from abroad so as to forestall piecemeal absorption of the southern continent by the dictators later on.

On the assumption that Nazi aggression would first take an economic form, the Administration prepared for submission to the South American Foreign Ministers a plan to preserve the economic independence of all the western hemisphere nations.

Largely the conception of Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle, the proposal would ease the economic strain of the southern republics and thus enable them to resist any lures the Nazis may hold out after the war.

Rightly or wrongly, the Administration is proceeding on the assumption that the South American nations have no desire to fall under Nazi economic domination. Accordingly, the Berle plan proposed that the United States undertake to buy South America's surplus goods, thus removing the tremendous pressure on the southern republics to dispose of them to Germany. While the initial cost might run as high as \$500,000,000, the Administration believes this would be but a fraction of what the country would have to spend to defend itself if Hitler were allowed to get a foothold on this continent.

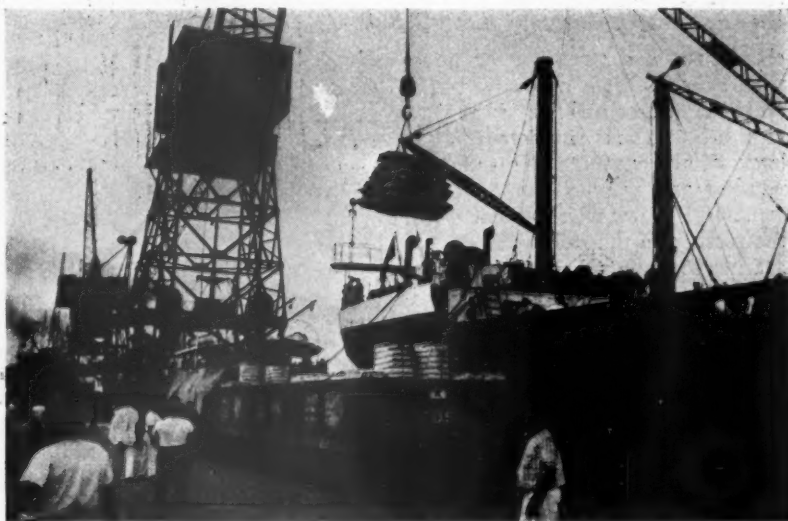
A second stage of the plan is designed to meet long-term conditions. This would take the form of a hemispheric trading corporation which would exchange the products of this hemisphere for the products of Nazi-controlled Europe, or export pools of individual hemisphere products such as wheat, cotton, meat products, etc. The proposed international trading corporation would have a revolving fund, contributed for the most part by the United States, from which cash advances would be made

to countries that placed their exportable surpluses in the corporation's custody. As sales were made, the corporation would be reimbursed for such advances.

While the forestalling of Nazi penetration would be the main objective, the New Dealers who conceived the surplus pooling plan believe that it would accomplish another purpose. All reports from war-torn Europe foretell a famine after the war, a food shortage so acute that Hitler would have to turn to the Americas for foodstuffs or permit a large part of his conquered empire to starve. If command of the Western Hemisphere's vast food reserves is unified in an international trading corporation, the Americas, so the New Dealers believe, would

farmers in return for subsidies. Otherwise, the temptation would be great to increase production and reap a harvest at the expense of the rich northern neighbor. In some quarters, moreover, the devotion of the Latin American countries to democratic principles is mistrusted. Some New Dealers are fearful that the strong European sympathies of the Latin American countries might assert themselves, particularly in view of the fact that large segments are German and Italian in origin.

But, notwithstanding the pitfalls, the Administration is confident the plan will work. If it does not, then the whole scheme of Pan-American defense may have to be altered drastically. To attempt to defend this hemisphere without the co-operation



European photo

Loading cotton and coffee, the main export items from Brazil

have in hand a powerful economic weapon with which they could force Hitler to relax his totalitarian trade restrictions and return, by stages it is true, to a monetary exchange system of trade. At any rate, a system of export control would enable the Americas to meet the totalitarians on even terms.

The reception of the Berle plan in South America has been in the main friendly, although one or two countries have evinced no interest. That the plan presents difficulties, its sponsors do not deny. It is difficult to see, for instance, how the United States could undertake to buy South American surpluses without imposing crop control such as has been imposed on American

of the southern republics would entail an outlay for the army and navy which military experts doubt Congress would authorize. Hemisphere defense on the scale necessary to restrain Hitler by force from penetrating South America would require an army of 5,000,000 men, an air force far larger than President Roosevelt's projected armada of 50,000 airplanes, a two-ocean navy, and a transport fleet larger than the American merchant marine.

In terms of money, such a plan would cost some \$25,000,000,000 a year, one-fourth of the nation's income. In comparison, \$500,000,000 a year for South America's surplus commodities, would be a cheap form of national defense.



IMCRACK

WILLIAM
MERRIAM
ROUSE...

IT WAS a nice day. Hedgehog Mountain soaked in pale, autumn sunlight. Woodland and rocky pastures looked close and friendly to humans; and the air had a taste like cider that had just begun to get a tang to it.

Martha Pierce felt good; almost elated. She had scrubbed the house with softsoap from cellar to garret, and the fattest of her three Plymouth Rock hens simmered on the back of the stove. She sat by the window and watched for Sam, her son, and his new wife to come down the road from the railway station.

Since his father died Sam had not lived at home much; hence the greater comfort to his mother that he was going to rent the old Braman farm, ten minutes walk down the river. Her sinewed arms could split wood and bring water as well as a man's; and she feared nothing that ran or crawled on the face of the earth. It was rather that she was proud of Sam; the product of her life's labor.

As the boy had grown up smooth-spoken and handsome it was natural that he should marry a girl who lived in a big village. Yesterday they had been married and today he was bringing her home to stay a few weeks until he could get the Braman house ready to live in.

So, despite her pleasant anticipations, Martha Pierce fidgeted a little. Things looked clean to her, but the eyes of a younger woman might find dirt somewhere.

Suddenly two figures came leisurely past the brown alders at the bend of the road. Martha Pierce drew in her breath, sharply.

"That's Sammy, sure enough," she whispered. "But what's he got with him?"



Unanswered, she waited within the house: she had planned to meet them on the steps. The door opened. Sam loomed in and thumped down the yellow satchels.

"Hello, Ma!" he cried, buoyantly. "Bet you've got chicken for dinner!" The words went no deeper than

her ears; for all her attention was fixed on the girl who had just stepped over the threshold. White fur edged her dress and coat, and banded the jaunty cap that leaned over to one side: white fur muffled her neck. Her clothes were blue—a blue that held the gaze—and so were her eyes. They looked straight at Martha.

"This is Elizabeth, Ma," Sam said. Martha had expected a rushing



That flash of temper was heartening to Martha. Now she could speak, and with keen enjoyment she let the words flow

hug and a hearty smack. She tried to rally—something must be said.

"Lizabeth, hey?" cheerfully. "Lizzie for short, I 'spose? Lay off your things and take a chair. I'll have dinner on the table in two shakes of a lamb's tail!"

"Beth!" The girl expelled the word. "They call me Beth at home—"

"Beth, hey? Sounds kind of mushy in the mouth but it's jest as easy to say as Lizzie. 'Lizabeth's a name that's got to be chopped up somehow, or you'd have to set down and take a long breath every time you said it!"

She went into the kitchen, chuckling at her own joke; but it was a

chuckle that did not come unaided from the depths of her being.

Dinner smoked on the table in the front room. It was a sight to cheer the hungry, and the vague look of uneasiness went from Sam's face as he sat down in his creaking chair. Martha looked up to find the blue eyes inscrutably upon her.

"Stewed chicken is licking good," she remarked pleasantly, hoping that speech would flow from this point of universal interest. "Sammy's always been able to put away his share—but he's a good, two-handed eater, anyway."

"Sammy!" Elizabeth's intonation was hard to understand. "Your mother is a wonderful cook!"

"Ma is a good cook!" asserted

Sam, stoutly, as though someone had denied it. "There isn't anything she can't cook."

"I was figgering on a sparerib of pork when you come," Martha beamed, "but it's a little mite early to butcher. I got a good pig—corn fed and rolling fat. I've kept him clean as a hound's tooth. Do you put much sage in your sausage, or don't you?"

"Put . . . sausage? Oh, I don't know—we get it from the butcher!"

"So you can, being in a village. Still, I believe I'd rather make my own. If they's one thing you got to be careful about, it's sausage. I remember, ten year ago—"

She stopped suddenly, realizing that Sam's wife had finished her meal.

After that no one said anything for long minutes. Martha meditatively cut up her pie with knife and fork, and slowly carried the little pieces to her mouth on the end of her knife. She looked across the table and found the blue eyes fastened upon her own plate. Martha rose from the table.

"Don't pay no attention to me, you young folks," she said. "You make yourselves comfortable while I putter around and do up the work."

She went into the kitchen and began to fill the stove. "Good Lord," she muttered to herself. "Does a human gimcrack like that look down on me?"

When the kitchen had been restored once more to shining cleanliness Martha drew a low rocking chair up before the fire. Then she walked to the hoarse and ancient clock and from behind it took a clay pipe, blackened by long comfort giving, and a half-emptied blue paper of tobacco. Sitting down, she filled and lighted the pipe with care; and drew deep inhalations of pleasure until odorous clouds hung about her head. So it was that Sam found her, later, when he came downstairs.

"Smoking?" he asked, with an awkwardness that harked back to his days of first long pants. She knew, as well as though he had said it, that he was wondering what the blue-and-white wife would think.

"Yes, Sammy," she answered, soberly. But inside she felt the beginnings of a chuckle. "I put my pipe away when I heard you were coming, and then I took it out again—you

can't learn an old dog new tricks!"

"You're all right, Ma!" He reached out and patted her shoulder. Then he straightened up and expanded, and filled the room with the joy that was in him. It had to come out some way, just as things always had since he was a little shaver. "Aren't her eyes blue, Ma? Did you ever see anything like them?"

"Nope," answered Martha, solemnly scrutinizing the bowl of her pipe. "I never did."

Not to Sam, Martha knew, was there any other than a glittering vision of his wife; and her sound sense counseled her to try to rub no gilt from that picture.



Her sinewed arms could split wood and bring water as well as a man's

This was no easy restraint, even though Martha never had been given to much talking, for young Mrs. Pierce did not seem to know that there were dishes to be washed and floors to be swept. She embroidered. Or, giving greater pleasure to her mother-in-law, she walked down the river to the Braman place where Sam worked under pressure of the desire to become established.

Snow fell, again and again, and the clear cold of the mountains shut its unrelenting fingers upon the world. The procession of the days marched until, at length, came that welcome one on which Elizabeth was going to move. Sam took her trunk down on a handsled, after breakfast, and she was to go in the afternoon, when the house would be warmed.

Although pains and red swelling in one foot presaged a fierce attack of rheumatism, Martha did her morning work with satisfaction; and with mind preoccupied by anticipation of relief she took a ham from the cellarway and began to cut pink slices for the mid-day dinner.

"Two for Sammy," she murmured, wielding the knife, "and one for me and her together."

She glanced toward the stove, forgetting whether she had yet put the frying pan on, and the

butcher knife came down across her thumb, cutting it to the bone.

Cleaving of the flesh troubled her less than the thought of a hand hindered for days from its work. It made her angry, as she swung on her heel with the thumb held stiffly out. In the kitchen doorway stood Elizabeth, seemingly frozen there.

"Gimme some salt and a piece of string, quick!" commanded Martha. "Such an old fool as I be!"

No answering movement from the girl. Martha, waiting, looked at her sharply. Elizabeth had gone white to the lips; standing motionless with eyes fastened on that thumb, which ran red to the floor in quick drops. Martha, realizing, plunged into the pantry and out again, with the salt pail in her good hand. Heroically she poured salt on the cut. Then, with teeth and fingers, she ripped a bandage from an old piece of cotton cloth. For the first time her will failed to bind her tongue.

"What's the matter of you?" she demanded, with the rich sarcasm of weeks curling her words. "Don't your breakfast victuals set well on your stummick?"

"It made me—faint, for a moment."

"Faint! Huh! Well, I 'spose you was born that way."

The steadiness of the blue eyes gave place to quick flame.

"Oh! You—you vulgar old woman!"

That flash of temper was heartening to Martha. Now she could speak, and with keen enjoyment she let the words flow.

"I be a vulgar old woman, and I take a lot of comfort in it! I'd rather be that than a dew-dab a-setting in a rocking chair doing fancy work!"

"There are things you can't know anything about—"

"Mebbe so! They's things you don't want to know anything about—hard work and trouble. Ever buried your husband? Ever had a child? I guess not. You don't set your teeth into living—you jest gnaw around the edges, like a young'un trying to eat bread and butter the day after Christmas."

Elizabeth opened her mouth, and closed it; turned quickly and vanished from the doorway.

The kitchen became silent. Martha Pierce straightened her shoulders and drew in a great breath.

When the corners of the room

began to grow a little dim she went outside in order to do the chores before nightfall. The swollen foot was now so bad that it was necessary to take each step of the stairs with great care; and when Martha started to the river for water she found that she was, in truth, destined to her annual suffering, which came almost always as the herald of a blizzard. Northeast wind beat and tore at the walls of the house and the cold had become a penetrating essence that struck instantly through all her warm clothing.

"It'll go down to thirty below zero afore morning," she groaned.

When the woodbox had been filled and the kindling split she put on slippers and sat, with a grunt of relief, to smoke.

She was jerked out of her quiet nook of thought. The night came into the house with a roar, bearing on its beating wings a cry of human anguish. A hand of ice gripped her shoulder with the grip of death and the form of Sammy's gimcrack swayed before her.

"For God's sake! Come!" The girl's voice rose until it seemed to cut apart the very air. "Sam's dying! He went back to see why the powder didn't go off—"

Martha Pierce rose up at that call, all her forces leaping in answer, only to sink down again. Plague take the foot! She clenched her teeth and made another effort; brushing Elizabeth aside while her hands seized, capably, what household remedies there were. She wrapped herself in a shawl and lighted a lantern with fingers made unsteady by pain.

"Come on--and shut the door behind you!"

THE blizzard had begun. Out of a black night stinging pellets struck obliquely downward, biting the flesh. The wind was a keen knife. Had Sammy really been hurt? Or had the girl gone panicky at a minor accident?

Martha Pierce stumbled over him as she made for the back door of the house. She dropped to her knees and lifted his head, holding the lantern close. There was no longer need to ask whether his wife had gone panicky over nothing.

"You ketch holt of his feet and I'll take the heavy end!" shouted Martha, above the wind.

They dragged him in, and to the

sleeping room on the ground floor. Then Martha did what she could with oil and bandages. There were hurts that were beyond her understanding; he lay unconscious, without movement.

At last she sank to a chair. Her foot, it seemed, had stepped into hell; and for minutes the lamplit room swayed and whirled before her eyes. Slowly she fought down the pain—pain that throbbed with each tick of the clock out in the sitting room.

At a sound she turned, to look up at Elizabeth. The blue eyes were dewed with tears and across the face that Sam had found so pretty were lines of deep-chiseled grief.

"Will he die?" in a whisper.

"I guess so, girl. They's bones busted inside. Come morning we'll prob'ly be able to get word to the village for the doctor and the priest—they ain't nothing more you nor me can do."

Sam's head shifted a little, and he groaned.

A fluttering touch descended upon Martha's shoulder. "Ma. . . ." The trailing whisper died, but not before it had set glowing all the sympathy that dwelt in the soul of Martha Pierce. Bitterness against the girl melted away. She had not said "Mother," but "Ma," just as Sam would have said it. Martha's hard hand reached out and brushed the soft, slender fingers.

"You go lay down somewheres!" she commanded, gently. "I'll watch. They ain't a single thing you can do."

She went; and Martha Pierce sat alone in her trouble. She was glad, nevertheless, that they had spoken kindly to each other. In spite of the great difference between them they were human beings, together in a common misery. No doubt Sam had been as much to one as to the other; yet the girl was young and could recover. Of what use was she in the world if she could no longer be of use to him?

Again the clock snatched an hour away from her. Sam's head turned and the muscles of his face contracted.

"Water!"

Martha started, as though it had been a voice from the dead. She filled a glass from the pitcher on the washstand and held it to his lips. He took a slow swallow. She hoped that

he would sink back to complete unconsciousness. He did not; he seemed to be struggling against some vast, mysterious power.

"Ma. . . ." She grew tense in sympathy with his effort. "Beth . . . embroidered . . . enough to pay . . . for a cow . . ."

His voice dropped to nothing, but the message had been spoken. Martha groaned. She felt a desire to pray. Sam was going to suffer and praying was all she could do. She put her heart into that prayer.

SO SHE remained for the moment of her life's greatest suffering. Then came the quick bang of the front door and a house-shaking tread of feet. She rose, standing on one foot and catching at the back of her chair. Swiftly into the room bulked two huge forms that she knew—the fur-coated doctor and the village priest.

"See to the girl!" the doctor ordered, gruffly, as he stripped the blankets from Sam. "Father, you can help, if you please."

The girl? What did he mean? Sam was the sick one.

"Is . . . is it too late?" whispered Martha.

"Not too late." Already he was at work, with the deft confidence of long dealing with broken bodies, the kindly, understanding priest giving him able assistance. "But it would have been . . . See to the girl, can't you!"

Martha, automatically obeying, began to work from chair to chair. She saw Elizabeth enter the room. Cheeks and ears were frost-bitten white, with the sure evidence of present pain and the promise of worse to come. She walked as though her feet were wooden blocks.

"You!" gasped Martha. "You went through the blizzard!"

Elizabeth nodded. She could not speak, as yet, through lips stiff with cold. It seemed that she was all eyes; but they were unwavering, unquenched. They said that she had grown to the fullness of her stature.

Martha Pierce hobbled along out of the room and out into the bitter night. She bent down clumsily and gathered a handful of snow with which to draw the frost-bite from the tender flesh of Sam's wife.

"Huh!" she mumbled to herself. "I guess they ain't no such thing in the world as a human gimcrack!"



An instant later the biplane dived from the clouds and released her first bomb-salvo. It fell like a bolt from heaven

THE BLACK CROSS

BY FRANCIS H. SIBSON

"A BAD day yesterday," said the Captain of the big aircraft carrier, who was also Senior Officer of Number X Patrol area. "Three merchant ships sunk altogether and nothing on our side to balance it."

"It's all these homeward-bounders straggling in, sir," said the Second-in-Command. "It'll be a different story when the convoys get properly going."

"That's so. In two senses. If there's no bait there'll be no fishing. A heartless way of putting it, but our job's to sink submarines and we've got to sink 'em while they're here to be sunk. Once the convoys are running I doubt if it'll be worth their while to come out at all. Submarines can't fight a properly protected convoy—at least, not unless they've got something entirely new up their sleeves, and so far we've

heard nothing to support such an idea. I'm going up to the office."

The "office," as he called it, was a spacious place in the forebridge superstructure, the nerve-center and control-point of the whole patrol area, wherein the wireless appeals of attacked merchantmen and the coded reports of the patrolling aircraft and surface flotillas were sorted and transformed into a coherently related story, told by little pinned symbols on a great chart fixed to the bulkhead. The Captain's eyes were drawn to a concentration of them clustered about a red disc not far from the top right-hand corner.

ROBERT HAYES, *Illustrator*

"No luck there," he said.

The disc stood for a merchantman sunk by a submarine. The smaller black discs meant destroyers ordered to the scene; the green ones represented specially equipped anti-submarine vessels. A small blue one stood for a flight of airplanes from the carrier, sent off just before daylight in place of last night's flight, which had returned overnight.

The single large blue disc, pinned near the middle of the chart with two destroyers shown standing by, was the aircraft-carrier herself. Stuck into a long baize-covered plank running beneath the chart were spare symbols, most of them red discs and squares (the latter standing for submarines reported but not having successfully attacked anyone).

Among these spares were a number of conspicuous crosses. The chart was regrettably clear of them. They were to mark the spots where submarines had been attacked and definitely sunk.

A sub-lieutenant and a midshipman sat in bentwood chairs at a narrow, file-covered table that ran the full length of the bulkhead under the chart. At the entrance of the two brass hats they stood up. The Captain waved them down again.

"Anything fresh since daybreak?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"H'm. About time you were relieved for breakfast, isn't it? Ah yes, here's your relief now."

The two young officers thankfully withdrew. They had had the first morning watch here, since four A.M.

"Looks as if he's got away," said the Captain, eyeing again that congested space on the chart around the red disc. "Otherwise we'd have had something by now."

"They seem to know their job," commented the Commander.

"Aye. I expect a lot of 'em were in the last show. Up to all the tricks. Well, so are we. What's this?"

A signal boy had entered with a message. It was from a big River Plate freighter to the southeast.

"0749," it read. "Have evaded torpedo attack by submerged submarine. Am steaming north full speed zigzagging."

The Captain read off the position given in the message, took a red square from the baize and pinned it to the chart. His eye swept thence northward up the paper. That course would take the freighter rather too near Kurt the Chancer, as the control staff had nicknamed that submarine in the northeast corner. He wrote out a message offering her to the Senior Officer of the adjoining patrol area. It was for all the world like a signalman offering a train to the next block. The S. O. of the next area examined his own chart for nearby dangers and agreed to take her over. The freighter's instructions were sent out and acknowledged. All patrols ahead of her were told of her coming and ordered to protect her.

The Captain turned his attention to the submarine which had attacked her. A brief phone message sent his first forenoon flight of planes roaring off, up and away; his wireless

reached out after two fast anti-submarine patrol vessels "on beat" near the spot, to learn that already they were making for it at emergency full speed, having heard the merchantman's first report.

"But it's Kurt I want," muttered the Captain, almost affectionately.

He was morally sure that it was the same enterprising Kurt who had gotten the tanker the day before yesterday and the big grain carrier the day before that. Concentrations of patrols and aircraft did not seem to worry Kurt at all. On the first day he had apparently stayed put, well submerged, and waited till they had gone away, taking pot-luck with their depth charges in the meantime, and then had a shot at a Cunarder only an hour after they had dispersed. The second time he had hared off as hard as he could go and attacked a Prince liner by shellfire the same afternoon, outside the area altogether. Last night's affair up there in the northeast corner had announced his return. At least, after calculating distances and speeds, it looked uncommonly like his work.

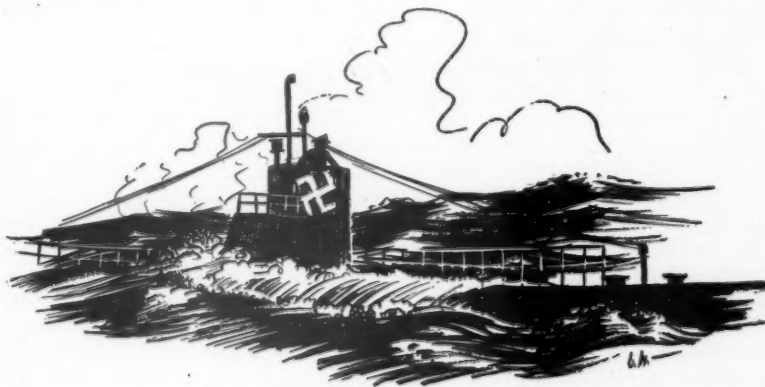
The Captain had hoped that the systematic duck-hunt he had planned and ordered would have put the fellow down. It might have, of course. That was the worst of this job. One could not always be sure, one way or the other. A depth charge might have found him, deep-submerged, and sent him the rest of

wireless room, with an order to the senior ship of the hunters on the spot to report whether any useful purpose could be served by carrying on the search. The answer was a regretful "No."

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At the moment, Kurt the Chancer was sitting on the bottom, in one of the relatively few shoal patches that the area offered for that purpose. It was not charted as a shoal patch; from the viewpoint of the chart-makers, whose preoccupation is with surface ships, it was not a shoal patch. It lay just within the submarine's limit of safe depth, a handy spot to carry out certain internal electrical repairs made necessary by the hunters' depth charges. It had been a hard job to reach it, but it had to be done: to lie on the surface for repairs was not healthy here, and a submarine cannot remain stopped under water: once she loses way the kite-like action of her horizontal rudders ceases and she must either rise to the top or sink to the bottom. No submarine commander can so exquisitely trim her ballast tanks as to give her exactly the same weight as the water which surrounds her.

"They're good," he was saying to his second-in-command, over a cup of coffee. "They've forgotten nothing from the last war and they've thought out a few things since. Well, so have we. But what it all boils



the way to the bottom without trace. Oil and air bubbles did not always come up from a sunken submarine—at least, not in decisive quantities. Conversely, some of them had a habit of squirting out oil and air to mislead the hunters into thinking they had made a kill. . . .

"It's Kurt I want," repeated the Captain softly, then phoned the

down to is that we mustn't take any more chances. Once they get their hydrophones properly on us we're done: they'll never let us out of hearing till—"

Kurt remembered the last time they had run the gauntlet of depth charges. He shuddered inwardly at the memory. He had been at the limit of safety for a start: and creep-

ing along with his motors going only intermittently and dead slow at that (to make less noise for those eagerly listening hydrophones to hear). There had not been enough effect from the horizontal rudders to prevent the boat from drifting down still deeper. He looked involuntarily at the salt-edged wetness on the deck. Then up at the joint in the skin of her which had leaked under the awful pressure. It still oozed an occasional drop. It must have been permanently strained; sitting on the bottom here was not doing it any good either. Quickly but covertly he glanced at his second-in-command—to find that the boy too was looking at that weeping joint.

It was all very well to say they must take no more chances, but if they were to do any good out here they must take chances. The sinking of a merchantman inevitably revealed their presence, and airplanes and patrols seemed to arrive in no time. Then it was the same old job over again—getting away from them. One could take a pitcher to the well once too often.

A few minutes later, his chief engineer reported that the repairs had been done.

"Stations!" ordered he who had been nicknamed Kurt the Chancer.

A WICKED-LOOKING biplane came driving through the under edges of the wet clouds, her observer scanning the dull gray wind-swept sea. A rotten job today, he was thinking. Only by the purest luck could anyone hope to spot a submerged submarine in this weather—the sea was too rough, its surface too broken up, to let the dark fishlike shadow through. And Lord, wasn't it cold!

But the patrol must go on. There was always the chance of sighting a submarine on the surface. Also there was the moral effect—the Germans' knowledge, stamped home by day and by night, that they were up against unceasing and universal vigilance. Even if that did not wear down their nerves, it would make them think twice before revealing themselves, and so save ships which might otherwise be sunk. Yes; the patrol must go on.

"Good show," came the Navigator's voice suddenly in his helmet phone. "They've got that submarine

down sou'-east. I've just heard 'em reporting to the S. O." He chuckled. "But they're squabbling a bit about who did it. Planes and surface-craft both claiming the honor . . . Fourteen survivors."

"Good show," echoed the Observer. He was thinking of the survivors. He had not yet become used to the idea of wholesale death, could not yet hail such news as the Navigator's as simply "one up to our side"; and wholesale death in a submarine, beneath this very cold gray sea before his eyes, was not a thing to think about. Better not think about it, then; better concentrate on his own job, which was to look for further prey!

What was that to the west'ard? For a moment he stiffened, then he relaxed again. Anti-submarine patrol vessel, steering northeast. At first glance, with her long low hull and squat funnel and forebridge, she had looked rather like a submarine herself.

The Pilot had seen her too, had turned toward her. A trifle bored, perhaps, he was going to say "hullo!" to her by circling above her. Anything to break the monotony of this featureless flying, flying, flying.

Then, just for a moment, between two of the great marching southwesterly waves, the Observer saw something else: a shadow on the sea—or rather, a shadow in the sea.

Several minutes before the plane had seen her, Kurt the Chancer had heard that patrol vessel on his listening gear. At once he had reduced speed to dead slow, hoping that the noise of her own propellers would drown the faint sound of his, and praying that she would not stop engines anywhere near him to listen. At first his sole thought was of escape, to cower down till she had passed on; then suddenly he yielded to a surge of hate against her and all her kind. They had hunted him like a rat. Could he not turn the tables now?

He gave an order. Very, very gently the man at the horizontal rudder control turned his wheel. The submarine nosed up a little, a little more, till the periscope broke surface and another order, sharply anxious, held her there.

Above the sea the clouds rolled gaily blank.

The biplane had climbed sharply

into them but a moment or two before.

Set to run at minimum depth, a torpedo should get that ship. It must get her. He could not afford to miss. The bubbling track of the torpedo would betray his presence and the patrol boat would instantly vomit every horror that she had.

An instant later the biplane dived from the cloud and released her first bomb-salvo.

IT FELL like a bolt from heaven. Kurt did not even live to see the effect of his torpedo. Four great splashes around him. Then the skin of the submarine bulged in toward him; bulged and burst in like a paper bag, and he died—mercifully, quickly, in a chaos of red-lit gloom.

Above, the sea rose in a vast confused boil, sleeked with oil, frothed with the soda-like explosion of whole banks of compressed-air cylinders, crowned with a whorl of smoke-shot spray. On the bridge of the patrol vessel the officer-of-the-watch gave a sharp helm and engine order; the ship doubled like a hound, swinging her bows toward that erupting undersea boil, charging at it full ahead, depth-charges ready aft.

The torpedo flashed by ten yards away to port, bubbling harmlessly along her flank. Saved by her quick turn, the patrol vessel entered the discolored swirl that now marked the submarine's grave. Over went the depth charges, to rive again a corpse that was already dead. One took no chances at this game.

In the control room aboard the aircraft carrier, the Senior Officer himself leaned forward and picked a big black cross from the baize-covered plank beneath the chart. He glanced again at the message, then pinned the cross over the exact latitude and longitude where the submarine had gone down.

"From the position it looks like Kurt," he said. "I hope it is."

He looked once more at the message. "No survivors," it ended.

"And yet somehow," he added, more than half to himself, "I hope it isn't. He fought clean, as clean as he could. I—I'd have liked to ask him to dinner. . . . Ah, well, it may be my own turn tomorrow."

It was.

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It is now forever too late for the great actress, Mary Anderson, to return to the stage. As Madame Antonio F. de Navarro she died at her home, Court Farm, in the quiet English village of Broadway on May 29th. For over fifty years Miss Anderson had held fast to the resolution of retirement she made in 1889. "Il en coute trop cher pour briller dans le monde . . . it costs too dearly to shine in the world" she gave gentle answer always to the many and great inducements urged upon her to resume her profession. It was with that phrase that in 1896 she wrote "Finis" to her memoirs. For charity she occasionally offered her great talent without remuneration; during the last World War she made several appearances in England for the aid of war relief. But her professional career ended forever with her last playing of the double roles of Hermione and Perdita in Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale* in Washington, D. C., in 1889 during the inaugural week of President Harrison.

"To be conscious," she wrote in her memoirs, "that one's person was a target for any who paid to make it so; to live for months at a time in one groove, with uncongenial surroundings, and in an atmosphere seldom penetrated by the sun and air; and to be continually repeating the same passions and thoughts in the same words—that was the most part of my daily life, and became so like slavery to me that I resolved . . . to cut myself free from the stage fetters forever."

It was as a deeply devout Catholic that Mary Anderson wrote those lines; and yet it was her deep and known devotion to her faith and the nobility of her life in a profession that in her day was considered at least demoralizing that gained her the endearing name of "Our Mary."

It was to "Our Mary" that an appeal, unprecedented in past or present theatrical history, was made in



Mary Anderson at the height of her career

"Our Mary"

By DORAN HURLEY

1904, asking her once more to display her genius to a newer generation. Because the appeal was unsuccessful the incident is little known, if not altogether forgotten. Those who made the appeal are long since dead. Yet insofar as a royal command might come from a democracy, Miss Anderson received that accolade, for her return was urged by the representative great of the land.

The appeal was in the form of a personal, signed letter, "embossed on parchment, embellished with silk brocade and mounted in silver" rather ruefully writes James W. Morrissey, the theater manager who acted as courier in conveying the message to Miss Anderson.

The letter reads: "Dear Madame:

The undersigned would greatly appreciate the honor of a visit from you in the United States, whereby your genius once again can be made manifest to the men and women of your native land, thousands of whom in the new generation have not had the pleasure of beholding you and who are eager to do homage to your noble and gracious presence.

It is understood that readings from the poets, especially Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Longfellow be embodied in your programs, the formation of which shall be left entirely to yourself; and your proposal that part of the gross receipts arising from each performance in each city of the United States be given to charity will be cheerfully executed by your prospective managers."

It is in the list of the signatories that the letter makes history. James Cardinal Gibbons was the first to sign his name in a roster that included, among other representative great, His Grace, John Farley, Archbishop of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Depew; Governor B. B. Odell; Bishops Potter and D. H. Greer of the Episcopal Church; Senator Aldrich; General and Mrs. Nelson

A. Miles; Russell Sage; W. Bourke Cochran; W. K. Vanderbilt; General and Mrs. Thomas L. James; Charles J. Bonaparte; Clarence Mackay; and Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould.

When Miss Anderson read the ornately framed letter in the pleasant drawing room of the charming stone house of Court Farm, Mr. Morrissey felt that his mission was certain of successful accomplishment. Miss Anderson was apparently moved by its tribute to herself as an actress and as a woman. Mr. De Navarro offered smilingly affectionate approval if consent were his wife's wish; and her son, José—then but eight, and now a professor of archaeology at Cambridge University—cried: "I'll coax Mama to

say, 'Yes,' with a small boy's condition that he be allowed to go along to the glorious country that was his mother's pride even in exile.

More than that, Mr. Morrissey was able to add to the appeal of the letter the tremendous financial inducement of one hundred thousand dollars for the proposed tour, as well as a share in the receipts of each appearance. Miss Anderson had recently left absolute retirement to aid charities in the village she had chosen as her home. The manager's intimation was that by the proposed tour she might enlarge her charities.

When Miss Anderson asked for a week's thought before she gave her decision, the inference to Mr. Morrissey was plain. Of course, the actress would agree; any actress would to an appeal of the kind, backed by such a tempting financial offer. The terms he offered alone would settle the matter.

But the deeply Catholic Mary Anderson, filled with a spiritual content in the round of simple duties of her home, her family, her Church, and her neighbors, that the stage had never given her, felt as strongly as ever that "It costs too much to shine in the world."

"Dear Mr. Morrissey," she wrote. "With a deep sense of my unworthiness of the honor bestowed upon me by so many of America's most distinguished people, in both the religious and secular world, and with an intense feeling of gratitude for their kind thoughts and words, I still am compelled by conviction not to deviate from my resolution made fifteen years ago, not again to enter into the rush and excitement of public life. It is with real regret that I feel impelled to decline this unique request, signed by so many whom I admire and esteem.

"The wish on my part to contribute occasionally to the entertainment and support of the poor, it would seem, has been the source of the report that I was desirous of undertaking a concert tour on a charitable and financial basis. Nothing was or is farther from my mind. I have consented to help the poor here occasionally with whatever talent I may possess, but without remuneration to myself. . . ."

Mary Anderson knew that men like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop (later Cardinal) Farley, Bishops Potter and Greer and the

rest, would understand and honor her for her decision to hold fast to the peace and serene content she had found in withdrawing from the stage and the world.

For it was the *woman*, not alone the *actress*, to whom the representative great were eager to pay such signal honor, with the feeling that the *woman* had in her career ennobled the stage. Of Miss Anderson's Juliet, William Winter, greatest of all authoritative critics on the playing of Shakespeare's great heroes and heroines, wrote as all men felt.

"Miss Anderson," he says in his exhaustive three-volume *Shakespeare On The Stage*, "was supremely fortunate in her natural adaptability to the requirements for a great embodiment of Juliet. She possessed a tall and beautiful figure; her nature was sincere, and her method in acting simple and direct; she was an incessant, studious worker; she possessed a gloriously sympathetic and copious voice; and more than from



An early photograph of the beautiful and talented Mary Anderson

anything that she did or seemed to be, her acting was triumphant because of what she was—a good and noble woman."

The playgoing world of her time knew Mary Anderson as not only of surpassing beauty of face and form; but more importantly, as Mr. Winter emphasizes, for her ever-radiant spiritual beauty. Her Catholicism, it

was widespread knowledge, was as profound as it was an inherently natural part of her very being. It was known that she began each day, even on arduous tours of one-night stands, with attendance at Mass. It was told of her that her first question in a strange city or town was of the location of the Catholic church; of secondary importance was the choice of a hotel, its comfort or lack of comfort marked only by its nearness to the church.

I, myself, have heard my elders tell that when Miss Anderson was to appear in our New England city, those Catholic girls in their teens who in a stricter age than ours might not attend the performance, had one consolation. It was always possible to get up early and shyly peep at "Our Mary" at morning Mass.

Miss Anderson in her memoirs, which are as completely and naturally Catholic as was the actress always, tells an amusing story of one visit to a church when she was on a tour of one-night engagements.

"A friend and I," she says, "purchased some flowers to decorate Our Lady's altar in the church of a country town where we had just arrived and where we were to act that night. While engaged at our work a priest entered from the sacristy and stood watching its progress. I had warned my friend beforehand not to mention my name, fearing that a possible prejudice against the stage might cause a refusal of my flowers. The good Father expressed himself greatly pleased with our decorations.

"Have you been long in town?" he questioned.

"We arrived only this morning," I answered.

"Where have you come from, if I may ask?"

"A blank seized my mind. Having visited a new city every day for four weeks, I could not think from what town we had just come, and foolishly answered, 'I—I don't know.' His Reverence looked surprised; and wishing, no doubt, to relieve my embarrassment, asked if we were to remain long in —. On being told that we were leaving that night, he naturally inquired where we were going. In my confusion I again foolishly answered, 'I—I don't know.' He looked at me with great wonder, and with a distant 'Good morning,' went back into the sacristy. My friend there was interrogated in the

same way, and answered much as I had done. The astonished Father then left hurriedly, thinking, no doubt, that his church was in the possession of two escaped lunatics."

Miss Anderson was born in Sacramento, California on July 28, 1859. As her father was frequently away in England on business trips, her mother moved to Louisville, Kentucky, in 1860 to be near her own uncle. Pater Anton was a priest of the Black Franciscan order and had been assigned by his provincial to be pastor of a small German settlement at New California, just outside Louisville. As Miss Anderson's father died when she was three, Pater Anton, whom she affectionately called "Nonie," became her guardian and a second father to her. Of him she writes tenderly: "He had the sweetest smile and the heartiest laugh in the world. My mother could not have chosen a better friend for herself or for her children. His tender love for the young was proverbial. He was often known to leave the most important visitor to attend to the wants of some little one who happened to come into his presence."

Of her childhood she recalls most signally: "Especially do I remember Corpus Christi. On that day the pasture near the church seemed, to my childish eyes, like an enchanted scene. Many altars were erected there, covered with lace, flowers, and lighted candles. The village band played festal music, and was answered by the distant notes of the organ and choir from the little church. Three times the beautiful procession filed around the pasture. Preceded by small girls in white, scattering rose-leaves, and acolytes swinging their silver censers, came Pater Anton carrying the monstrance. Kneeling in the grass, we sent up fervent prayers, the warm summer sun shining like a benediction over all. What golden days these were, filled only with holiness, simplicity, and peace!"

Her education as a member of a deeply Catholic family was received from the Sisters, first at the Convent of the Ursulines and then at the Presentation Academy in Louisville. Her dramatic training was at first largely of her own conniving and study, encouraged by her stepfather, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, a surgeon and major in the Southern Army. The

Midsummer Moon

By CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

He built the blue cathedral of the Night,
And poised the stars within as candle-light;
Above the altar's vast horizon He
Lifts now the moon in golden ecstasy.

great tragedian, Charlotte Cushman, asserted her belief in Miss Anderson's talent when the girl appeared in audition before her, and urged her mother to let Mary study in New York with George Vandenhoff whose teaching and coaching skill, the elder actress, herself a woman of probity, vouched for. Mrs. Griffin was won over, and the trip to New York was made.

Mr. Barney Macauley was at that time manager of the Louisville Theater, which had a supporting stock company for the visiting stars, Miss Cushman, Edmund Booth, and John McCullough. Miss Anderson had been introduced to him. He gave her her first chance, and it was under his management and with his company that she made her first professional appearance as Shakespeare's Juliet, Saturday, November 27, 1875.

How the chance came Mary Anderson tells best in her own words: "One morning after returning from the old cathedral after my daily visit I met Dr. Griffin in front of the manager's house. Mr. Macauley received us cordially. 'Why, this is luck,' said he. 'You have come to help me out of a difficulty. Could you act on Saturday night?'" It was a chance meeting with Dr. Griffin, and the veriest chance that the manager would even be pleased to see them, let alone have a ready opportunity of which Miss Anderson might avail herself. But "Our Mary" in her memoirs gives the credit not at all to chance, but all to prayer, as quietly as she speaks of her daily visit to the cathedral for Mass. As a Catholic, of course one went to daily Mass.

It is perhaps idle now to talk of the great dramatic roles that in her

day Mary Anderson made her own, of her Juliet, her Rosalind, her Hermione and Perdita in *A Winter's Tale*, or her Galatea in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. The phonograph came too late to hold the beauty of her voice, the motion picture too late to embody her beauty and acting genius. There are probably very few today, even among oldsters, with memory keen enough to transmit any echo of the greatness writers on the theater claim for her. Not, at least, the material greatness of her art. The spiritual greatness that as a woman she contributed to that art and to the stage may never be forgotten. Her name is worthy to be written on the list of great American Catholics among those whose Catholicism was held always as a banner.

It was in 1889 that she left the stage. In November of that year she became engaged to Antonio F. De Navarro of New York, whom she had known for many years. Mr. De Navarro had become a barrister in London. In June of 1890 they were married at the Catholic church at Hampstead, London. Mr. De Navarro, as deeply Catholic as his wife, was honored by being made a private chamberlain to the Papal Court. Mary Anderson became Madame De Navarro, the great Catholic Lady of Court Farm in a Broadway as different from its American counterpart as light from shade. Here she had the consolation of a private chapel in which Mass was celebrated by the Passionist Fathers from their nearby monastery. In spite of absence, however, from the America she loved, she was always known here as "Our Mary."



Acme photo

Above: A Mexican regular army officer training members of the workers' militia. Such a workers' army may prove dangerous to Mexico in time of stress. Right: Mexican peasants manifest their devotion to Our Lady at the Shrine of Guadalupe. In spite of persecution large numbers remain faithful.



Wide World photo

THE Mexican taxi driver was talking politics, and after the custom of his people he was excited. "Bandits!" he cried. "That's what this government is. I pay my union dues and I obey the laws and what happens? Prices go so high I can't even afford a vacation this year." He hurtled through a red light. "Bandidos!" he repeated.

It was a surprising statement, for Mexico is supposed to have a workers' government. The Party of the Mexican Revolution, the government political party, is pledged to the class war, and "considers as one of its fundamental objects the preparation of the people for a democracy of workers and a socialist regime." Next December, the Six Year Plan, which began when Cárdenas took office in 1934, will be complete. What has happened during these six years? Why does a worker like the taxi driver hurl insults at his workers' government?

Some parts of the Six Year Plan have been admirable. Cárdenas has more than doubled the number of rural schools; he has given water systems to districts where the people for centuries had been drinking, bathing, and washing clothes in the same typhoid-polluted stream; he has set up health centers among Indians whose furnitureless thatched huts

are shared by pigs and poultry. But other measures, supposed to help the workers, have proved boomerangs: particularly, radical labor legislation, distribution of land to individual peasants and collective peasant groups, and socialistic education.

Since 1935, when Cárdenas fostered the formation of a new labor union in order to drive the political boss Calles to exile in San Diego, California, the brains of Mexico's labor movement has been Vicente Lombardo Toledano, who is head of the million odd members of the confederation of Mexican Workers (C.T.M.) and who is so close to Cárdenas that he predicted the oil expropriation 24 days in advance. Lombardo, though not openly a Communist Party member, is an acknowledged Marxist. His daily paper, *El Popular*, reads like a Mexicanized *Daily Worker*, and his union's 1937 report gave its aim as the overthrow of the capitalistic system, probably by violence.

To radicals, Lombardo is a Com-

munist demigod, like Lenin; to others he is a *bandido* who is making a good thing out of C.T.M. union dues. He himself claims that his honesty is proved by the fact that he is too poor to complete payments on his inexpensive house. Twice, when accusations of misappropriation were very thick, he took up a collection to meet back payments on his house. The effect was only slightly marred by the fact that his subordinates, who donated to the collection, had paid for houses of equal value with complete ease.

The tactics of the C.T.M. have been to foment such irreconcilable labor strife that the government steps in and nationalizes the industry; or the factory owner, exhausted by labor tiffs and taxes, throws up his hands and says, "Take the place!" With such tactics the C.T.M. has succeeded in having the national railways, oil industry, sugar, rayon, and miscellaneous factories turned over to the workers—and has simultaneously caused the almost complete

disruption of Mexican economics.

The oil expropriation had the most disastrous effect. Investors, afraid of an economic collapse, unloaded their pesos to buy dollars; and the peso, which nobody wanted, went from 3.60 to the dollar to 6.00. It is difficult for Americans, who live in an almost self-sufficient country, to realize the effect which the rate of exchange has upon the cost of living of the average Mexican. When the peso jumps from 3.60 to 6, a dollar's worth of goods, formerly costing 3.60, is worth 6. And as the Mexican government jacked up import duties in order to cover the loss of tax revenue formerly received from the expropriated industries, the goods went up still further—to 7 or 8 or 10 pesos. Since most manufactured products are imported, the average family had to spend twice as many pesos after the expropriation as it did before.

At the time of the oil expropriation, the Mexican government said it was an exceptional case, due only to the bad working conditions and to the necessity of helping the oil workers. That this was a pretext was proved last spring, when Cárdenas was obliged to ask for a reduction in oil men's salaries in order to make the industry show a profit. "The oil expropriation," he said, "was undertaken by the government not for the particular benefit of the workers of the industry, but rather for the general good of the Mexican people."

Businessmen saw through the pretext from the first. They ceased investing, and some even stopped making improvements on existing investment. Mexico City's streetcar system is in almost complete dilapidation. "We dare not make repairs," explains the company. "If we bring the line up to date, it will be expropriated."

It is obvious that if a nation kills off private industry it must form socialized industries. But with the exception of a big sugar factory and a few small plants, Mexico has begun no new enterprises. As a result, industrial and business development has come to a halt.

There is no doubt that

the Mexican, whose average 1910 wage was 50 centavos for a ten-hour working day, needs a labor movement. But the C.T.M., instead of working for reasonable wage increases all around, has demanded unreasonable ones from a few big industries. A semi-skilled oil worker, before Cárdenas discovered they couldn't make money that way, was earning 10 pesos a day plus house rent. Yet the average Mexico City servant earns one peso a day with board and room—the room sometimes being a bedbug-ridden mattress tossed on the kitchen floor, and the working day lasting from 6 in the morning to 11 at night. (In fairness it must be admitted that prior to the C.T.M. the wage was 75 centavos a day. The only trouble is that doubling and tripling prices have wiped out the 25-centavo gain.)

All over Mexico, workers not employed in the industries on which the C.T.M. has concentrated are opposed to the government. "What is the use," they demand with logical asperity, "of getting 50 centavos more when it costs 2 pesos more to live?"

Another cause of the rise in prices in Mexico is the agrarian program. Unlike the C.T.M., agrarianism is not an imported Communistic idea;

it is a spontaneous movement, dating back to 1910 when the bandit Zapata's barefoot Indian army stormed through Mexico crying "Land and Liberty!" Some redistribution of the land has been of undoubted necessity. From a practical standpoint, no country can have a healthy national life when, as was the case during the 34-year-long dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, 98 per cent of the rural population works for 25 centavos a day, paid in goods at the hacienda store. From a philosophic standpoint, a small property, on which the peasant can support himself and his family, is a natural right of man.

But when in one year Cárdenas distributed as many lands as had been given in the entire period from 1916 to 1925, he failed to take into account the character of the Mexican peasantry. The Indian's natural inclination, when given ten hectares, is to cultivate corn and beans on one hectare, and sleep while weeds grow up on the other nine.

"Antonio," he is asked, "why don't you plant the rest of your land? You'd make more money."

Antonio pulls at the white pajamas which are the Mexican peasant's garb. "But I do not need more money." He waves at his barefoot children and wife, scrubbing in the irrigation ditch. "We are contentos. Since I have the land, we get meat twice—three times—a week. Why do I want more?"

Eventually education may change this. Antonio may learn that shoes, too, are nice to have—and perhaps even a washing machine. But, in the meantime, agricultural production has fallen heavily. Instead of exporting the corn and beans which grow so easily, Mexico has had to import them; and the price of beans, the staple of the poor, has risen from 15 to 36 centavos a kilo.

It is difficult to say what would be the solution of the land problem. Perhaps a temporary land grant, to be made permanent if the owner worked it for a certain number of years, would give an opportunity to the ambitious peasant, and yet prevent haciendas from be-



Wide World photo

President Cárdenas, whose Six Year Plan comes to an unsuccessful end this year

ing broken up in order to be overgrown with cactus.

Supporters of the Mexican government are fond of claiming that it has given up anti-clericalism, which means, really, that it has given up Calles' practice of burning churches. Cárdenas has, to be sure, opened many of the once closed churches, and was even broadminded enough to say that Chihuahua's state law allowing one priest for the entire state was unconstitutional. But religious orders are still barred; no church may hold property; and the Party of the Mexican Revolution, which forbids membership to priests, ministers, and members of religious orders, has softened its anti-clericalism only as a matter of tactics. "I am tired," said Cárdenas, "of closing the churches and finding them full. Now I am going to open them and educate the people—and in ten years they will be empty." Actually, Cárdenas' method is more dangerous than Calles'; for while burning churches is such a flagrant violation of decency that it arouses universal ire, anti-Catholic education can worm in quietly, insidiously.

Since socialistic education has been in force only six years, its effect upon the growing generation cannot yet be estimated. There are some indications that it will be abandoned before Mexico's children become inculcated with the socialist ideology. Last fall, when the constitutional amendment making all education socialistic was ratified, Mexico roared with mass meetings of protest; and opposition has been so fierce that the government has not dared to enforce the rule that private schools teach socialism. In thousands of rural districts, parents keep their children at home rather than send them to the government schools—with the result that illiteracy is not decreasing as fast as it should, and much of the energy which should be spent on making Mexico a literate nation is being wasted in an abortive clash of educational ideologies.

Where socialistic education has really been effective is among the 2000 workers who attend the night schools run by the C.T.M. They take courses in "Class War Tactics," and hear a great deal about the rights of labor, and nothing about its responsibilities. The result of this overemphasis was nicely demonstrated when Cárdenas asked the oil workers to

submit a plan for reducing expenses. The first point in the submitted plan was that wages should be *increased!*

Last spring I attended an ancient history class at the Karl Marx Workers' School. The professor was listing the social classes of ancient China. "There were the peasants," he said, "the warriors, and the aristocrats." At the word "aristocrats," the professor was interrupted. The entire classroom burst into violent hissing.

This is the philosophy that has brought Mexico to an economic debacle. It is not surprising that a group so filled with class hatred that it hisses aristocrats thousands of years dead, has carried on a bigoted fight against Mexico's industrialists.

Yet class co-operation, not class war, is what the average Mexican wants. Take Enrique, who calls himself a socialist. Enrique goes to Mass every Sunday, and supports his mother on his salary as a clerk in a raincoat store. "My ambition is to have a store of my own," he told me. "You don't make any money being employed."

"But you want Mexico to be socialist. How can you own a store?"

Enrique stared, surprised. "But of course I want socialism. It means that workers get decent wages. And I'll pay good wages, too."

It is obvious that what Enrique wants is not a socialist, but a Christian government—one that will co-operate with all social classes, and

watch out for the rights of all. Enrique wants decent working conditions—in little firms like the raincoat store as well as in big industries. He wants protection of capital—so that investors will build new enterprises and offer new jobs, and so that when he gets his own little shop he will be able to conduct it unmolested, with his "decent wages" for the employees and a fair profit for himself. Enrique needs freedom of education—a Christian education, so that he will know the difference between socialism and good wages, and will learn to build the social structure, as is his natural inclination, on love rather than hate. And—this should go without saying—he needs a government that provides complete freedom of religion. There has never been contentment among a people who were denied this most basic of human rights.

A Mexican government which followed these lines could do more in one year to raise the standard of living of the Mexicans than has been done during the entire Six Year Plan.

"I would like," said Cárdenas when he took office, "to see every Mexican wearing shoes." It was an admirable ambition; but the methods he chose to accomplish it have only resulted in the increase of the cost of shoes from 5 to 15 pesos, while one sixth of Mexico City's population still walks the streets with brown toes sticking out of sandals or out of no shoes at all.

DREAMERS

By JOHN E. McDERMOTT, C.M.

*Is this forever the end of dreams,
Awakening and the cold touch of dawn?
And numb against a wall which gleams
In devil's light our fingers wan,
Torn and bleeding, from trial to set a way
Above the barrier with failing strength,
Nor any surety of rest at length?
Must we perish at the shut gate of day,
Who saw afar the last fulfillment
Like a benediction of the good in sorrow?*

*Though ages stride us down without relent,
And hope itself is of the night. Tomorrow
Upon our heads soft light will come,
And we shall rise and go therefrom.*



The late Pope Pius XI

The Papacy Between Wars

Pius XI Was Pope While the World Was Suffering the Effects of One War and Preparing Another. He Made Heroic and Unceasing Efforts to Heal the Wounds of the One and Prevent the Other

By DENIS GWYNN

IN HIS incessant appeals for an armistice during the Great War, Benedict XV had insisted not only that war was a barbarous and senselessly destructive method of settling international disputes, but that even the most complete military victory would be no guarantee of future peace. His warnings of the instability of such a peace, based upon the defeat and humiliation of one side, had been terribly justified even before his death at the beginning of 1922. The economic and social upheavals which followed upon the war presented problems no less difficult for his successor than those which had occupied his own reign.

What sort of Pope, and what sort of previous training for his high office, were required to meet the extraordinary conditions that had resulted from those years of mad destruction? There was no outstanding figure among the Cardinals whose personality inspired immediate confidence and recognition throughout the entire Catholic world. And Cardinal Ratti, upon whom the choice fell after a protracted Conclave, was less known to the world at large even than Benedict XV had been when he was suddenly made Pope after seven years of comparative obscurity as Archbishop of Bologna.

Cardinal Ratti's whole life had been spent, until the previous few years, in charge of great ecclesiastical libraries frequented only by

scholars and research students. He had been summoned to Rome some few years before the war to become Vice-Prefect of the Vatican Library after more than thirty years at the Ambrosian Library in his native Milan. Only at the very end of the war had he emerged into public affairs when Benedict XV sent him on a mission to Poland as Apostolic Visitor.

For three years he had been in Poland, journeying constantly under conditions of extreme hardship through a country where road and rail transport had completely broken down. Famine and pestilence had followed upon the dissolution of Central Europe, with the collapse of the Central Empires and the rebirth of Catholic Poland. He had been in Warsaw in 1920 when the Bolshevik armies had swept across Poland and almost encircled the capital, when only the miracle of the battle of the Vistula had turned the Russian advance into a headlong defeat.

In that mission, which resulted in his becoming the first Nuncio to the new Polish State, he had shown powers of organization and diplomacy which decided Benedict XV that he must never return to his scholar's work in libraries. In the summer of 1921 he was appointed Archbishop of Milan and made a Cardinal. Within less than six months he had been elected Pope as successor to Benedict XV.

He had two outstanding qualifi-

cations for the Papacy, apart from the deep spiritual force and energy of character which became apparent in all his actions. He had acquired an unrivalled personal knowledge of conditions in central and eastern Europe, at a time when chaos had spread everywhere and when Bolshevism was threatening to spread throughout all Europe. He was also immensely learned in the history of the Church in the time of the Council of Trent, when Europe had endured a period of conflict and religious disunion very similar to that which had resulted from the war. He was in fact to apply the same remedies which St. Charles Borromeo had applied 300 years earlier.

On his return to Italy from Poland after three years' absence he had found the country torn by conflict between the Communist forces and the reaction which Mussolini was already organizing with his headquarters in Milan. In his years of tireless activity in Poland he had seen at close quarters how the prevailing demoralization and despair, due to famine and plague, had created conditions in which Communism was gaining adherents everywhere. It offered the delusive hope of producing better conditions for the peasantry and the unemployed workers in the towns. But in Poland and the Baltic States he had seen the ravages wrought by Communist control. He had come to know the hatred which Moscow was

fomenting against every Christian tradition.

The whole future of Europe hung in the balance. If Europe were to plunge into Bolshevism, the future of the whole Church's organization would be endangered. Benedict XV had already laid down the lines which must be developed with the utmost energy. In Europe there could be no return to peace and order until reconciliation had been achieved among the enemies of the recent war. But whatever might be the fate of Europe, the Church's mission to all mankind must be pursued and safeguarded everywhere.

To that double task Pius XI dedicated himself with prodigious energy. His first action was to make a gesture of reconciliation to Italy, by breaking the tradition of imprisonment in the Vatican and appearing on the outer balcony of St. Peter's after his election. His coronation was followed very shortly by the first international conference designed to assist economic recovery from the world depression, to which both Germany and Russia were invited on equal terms with the rest. The Pope sent special messages to the conference at Genoa urging generosity and reconciliation. And in the meantime he continued the efforts and appeals of Benedict for the relief of famine and distress in Russia and Central Europe.

But his first years were concerned increasingly with the Church outside Europe. The foreign missions had suffered terribly by the withdrawal of missionaries to help their own countries during war in Europe. Pius XI insisted not only that their depleted ranks should be renewed but that the whole attitude toward the foreign missions must be reconsidered. They were no longer to be treated as the preserves of European countries which had first developed them. The natives must provide their own clergy, their seminaries, even their bishops.

To emphasize this new departure, which he outlined in a famous encyclical, he brought Chinese priests to Rome to consecrate them as bishops with his own hands. As the years passed, he extended the policy much further, insisting everywhere that the natives must be trained as rapidly as possible to form their own self-governing churches. The pioneers who brought them the Faith must

be ready to retire and begin their missionary labors elsewhere as soon as the natives could assume full control.

In Asia and Africa he created new districts year after year, increasing the number of prefects apostolic rapidly, and gradually raising them to be vicars apostolic, until the proportion of bishops in the various continents had been greatly changed. Similarly, in North and South America new sees were created as population increased and the Church became stronger. By the end of his pontificate the two American Continents had some 400 bishops as compared with some 650 in Europe. In Asia, Africa, and Australasia there were some 400 more. And all the time, the same persistent policy of decentralization from Europe was actively pursued.

But while the balance of the Church's hierarchy was being thus altered, the Pope was striving incessantly to promote that reconciliation in Europe which was indispensable for peace. He ordered the clergy particularly to use all their influence to promote more friendly relations with foreign countries and to avoid any attitude which might provoke enmity. He appealed to all Catholic writers and public men to foster reconciliation and to forget the former hatreds.

In practical matters he took vigorous action to support these ap-

peals. In the post-war years France persisted more than any country in refusing to forget the past. The royalist *Action Française* movement, led by Maurras and Daudet, gained a wide following among the younger generation. Its attacks upon the Republican tradition as being essentially anti-Catholic gained the sympathies of the younger Catholics, particularly in the universities and the seminaries. But it claimed that no true Catholic could fail to support its anti-Republican propaganda, and it combined this exploitation of religious sympathies with fierce hostility to Germany.

The Pope received many complaints from France that the movement was identifying the Church with party politics and also with racial hatred, and he decided at all costs to oppose its influence. He condemned the whole movement in spite of its having so large a Catholic following, and he deliberately encouraged policies which it violently opposed. When France invaded the Ruhr to enforce the payment of reparations, the Pope conveyed openly his hope that the occupation would be withdrawn.

Above all he gave his support to the joint efforts of Briand, Austen Chamberlain, and Stresemann for a permanent reconciliation with Germany, which resulted in the Locarno Agreement. His Nuncio in Berlin was Monsignor Pacelli, who is



The palace of the Government of the Vatican, in Vatican City

Erving Galloway photo

today Pope, and in Paris was Monsignor Maglione, who is today Secretary of State. Both were instructed to assist the Locarno negotiations in every way and both formally expressed the Pope's pleasure after the agreement was signed. Soon after, when Germany demanded a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations, the Holy See again assisted greatly in overcoming the difficulties that arose.

But apart from these practical issues the Pope set himself to promote the co-operation of Catholic influences in every country by his intensive campaign for the organization of Catholic Action throughout this world. Wherever it was organized it was to be the instrument of the Pope's efforts to promote reconciliation. Its activities took many forms. In works of charity, in the extension of the foreign missions, and above all in social reconstruction, it began to achieve remarkable progress everywhere, permeating all countries with the spirit of the Pope's encyclicals.

In the years which preceded the great trade depression that began in 1929, Catholic Action had become a highly organized force in many countries. In Austria, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, to a large extent in Italy and Poland, in France and Germany, Catholic statesmen were openly introducing legislation based upon the Catholic social program of the Holy See. In Germany the Catholic trade union movement had made more progress than in any country, and Dr. Bruening as Chancellor was the very type of the Catholic layman without personal ambition who treated public life as a religious vocation.

But the economic collapse which ensued, as a result of the destruction and reparations inflicted by the war, created conditions in which the labor of years was to be undone. Bruening's fall in Germany was quickly followed by the triumph of the Nazi party, which was inspired by that gospel of hatred which the Pope had striven to allay. It was accompanied by doctrines of total subservience to the Nazi State which immediately enforced the abolition of the Catholic trade unions throughout Germany, and of the Catholic parties which had been attempting reconstruction on Christian principles.

At the same time the world trade

A Willow Whistle

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

*This is not only a willow whistle
A boy blows far and shrill—
It is a sudden bugle blowing
Up some last tortuous hill,
It is a flute of dreams that called us
And it is calling still.*

*These are not only clouds blown over
The willows' silver crest—
There are the white-winged chargers surging
With space against each breast,
There are the ships of dreams that bore us
To islands in the west.*

*No one has blown a willow whistle
And watched the clouds go by
And forgotten it all . . . nor still remembers
Enough—and wonders why
Each time the lonely flute is calling
He listens—with a sigh.*

depression gave a new impetus to the international aims of Moscow. Revolutionary Communism was soon working everywhere in conditions as dangerous as those which the Pope had witnessed when Europe had barely escaped conquest by Bolshevism during his years in Poland. He threw his whole energy into a campaign to stimulate Catholic Action, to achieve reconstruction and recovery on the lines of his encyclicals on social justice, while he issued warning after warning that the Communist peril threatened Europe with a new collapse.

While the Nazi regime had demolished Catholic Action in Germany and had revived all the intense racial hostilities that threatened another war, the Communists gained control in Spain. They were preparing to accomplish a Bolshevik revolution when General Franco forestalled their plans by his military rising in 1936. The result was three years of bitter civil war in which the Church suffered immeasurably in the ruin of churches, the wholesale slaughter of priests and nuns, and of the most active

members of the Catholic laity.

And before the issue had been settled in Spain by Franco's hard-won victory, Hitler had invaded and conquered Austria, demolishing at one stroke the Catholic state and the Catholic institutions which had been built up by Monsignor Seipel and his successors, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg. Two of the most Catholic countries in Europe had thus been brought to ruin when the Nazi campaign developed further and achieved the incorporation of the Sudeten Germans in the Reich. The Pope had no fondness for the Versailles Peace Treaty, but this rapid expansion of Nazi rule through Central Europe was accompanied immediately by an extension of that persecution which he denounced in the German encyclical in 1937.

Preparations for a new war in Europe were in progress everywhere. But to the Pope actual warfare was only an intensified outburst of that fundamental conflict which had been developing in many forms under the conditions of so-called peace. The aftermath of another war in Europe would be even more de-

structive of civilization than the consequences of the former war. The desolation and death caused by famine and plague and years of hopeless unemployment had already been more devastating than all the destruction and the casualties of the war years.

HE HAD seen already in Spain the warning to all Europe and to all the world of what a menace to "all order, all culture, all civilization" was already hanging over Christian Europe. While the Nazis were organizing their whole resources for military conflict, the Communists were perfecting their plans for class warfare and civil war in every country they could penetrate. He denounced both dangers with the same vehemence in the two encyclicals, against Nazi persecution and against atheistic Communism, which he issued within the same week in the spring of 1937.

Catholic Action was his immediate remedy for all the evils of the age. It was to promote charity and reconciliation among the nations. It was to defend religious freedom against the attacks on Catholic teaching and Catholic tradition. It was to promote social justice and so remove the misery and economic oppression which gave Communism its opportunity to gain adherents. In the earlier years of his reign he had made Catholic Action a highly organized and powerful force throughout the world. The fact that it had been persecuted and disbanded in Spain, Germany, and Austria, and that it was threatened by further onslaughts wherever the Nazi rule extended, showed how the Church's enemies recognized it as their most formidable adversary.

His labors for Catholic Action as the remedy for Europe's conflicts had been destroyed and were threatened from both Berlin and Moscow. But he had accomplished one outstanding act of reconciliation which had immensely strengthened the Church's authority and freedom. The great religious revival which he had inspired had so enhanced the influence of the Holy See throughout the world that Mussolini had seen the necessity of terminating the long estrangement between Italy and the Vatican.

Since the confiscation of Rome and of the Papal States in 1870, no

regular relations between the Holy See and the Italian Government had been possible without a formal act of reparation and the concession of absolute territorial sovereignty for the Pope in at least some part of Rome. Pius XI had clearly intimated his own desire for a final settlement of the dispute, and Mussolini faced the necessity of surrender with real courage. The Lateran Treaty relinquished all Italian jurisdiction over the Pope's territorial domain. Within the Vatican City State the Pope assumed absolute and unfettered freedom to conduct his relations with all peoples and to address the whole world without interference or restriction.

The importance of that freedom was to be demonstrated repeatedly while Europe relapsed along the downward path to another war. When Italy entered into close relations with Germany, the Italian press was prohibited from criticizing those aspects of the Nazi system which the Pope found it urgently necessary to denounce. When Italy was being taught a doctrine of total subservience to the State, and when the freedom of Catholic Action and Catholic education was infringed by actions of the Fascist Government, the Pope issued denunciations fearlessly through his own radio station and through the Vatican newspaper.

The conflict with the Nazi system had become so acute even three years ago that the Pope declared solemnly to the Cardinals at the end of 1937 that "We know that there is in Germany a grievous persecution, and more, that there has rarely been a persecution more serious, so painful and so disastrous in its widespread effects. This is a persecution in which neither the exercise of force nor the pressure of threats nor the subterfuges of cunning and artifice have been spared." And when Hitler paid his state visit to Rome with every outward show of official rejoicing, the Pope was enabled by the Lateran Treaty to withdraw to his villa at Castel Gandolfo and to close the Vatican museum and galleries during the visit, as a protest against the public homage to "a cross which is not the Cross of Christ."

After the conclusion of the Lateran Treaty the Pope had declared publicly that the settlement had "given back God to Italy and Italy to God."

Relations between the Vatican and the Fascist Government continued to be strained at intervals, but the Church's influence had been immeasurably strengthened throughout Italy. As preparations for renewed war were pursued, that influence became a vital factor in determining the attitude that Italy would eventually adopt. But whatever that attitude might be, the independence of the Holy See in regard to all European conflicts had been most clearly vindicated.

His reign had begun when Europe was struggling to overcome the devastation and the bitterness that followed the last war. It had witnessed an immense effort of Catholic reconstruction in many countries. Even in the years of economic depression the Church's teaching on social justice had exercised a deep and lasting influence. But his closing years were darkened by the gathering clouds of war and by the revival of Communist activities designed to profit by the demoralization and disorder of impending war. He passed away before the outbreak of the present war and so was spared the sorrow of seeing Europe again ravaged by contending armies.

His flaming zeal and passionate energy had left their mark far and wide throughout Christendom. He was the Pope of Catholic Action, the Pope who had regained the freedom of the Papacy by the Lateran Treaty, the Pope of social reconstruction, the Pope who had modernized the Vatican and harnessed the achievements of science in wireless and in the conquest of the air to the service of the Church.

BUT perhaps his most lasting work was as Pope of the foreign missions. He had extended and consolidated the Church in every continent so effectively that, even if Europe should collapse in ruin and hatred, and if Bolshevism should sweep westward by a fusion of the pagan systems of Moscow and Berlin, the Church's mission to mankind would continue with renewed fervor and increasing conquests in other continents. Not least among the legacies which he bequeathed to Christendom was his institution of the feast of Christ the King, with its eternal challenge to the claims of those who would overrule the supreme law of Christian faith and morals.



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WOMAN to WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

Women and War

I WENT to tea with a woman the other day who said to me the moment I came in, "Let's not talk about the war at first." And so we didn't—at first. But one cannot avoid the subject for long and must break out in horror and surprise, in pity and pain, that such things can be. I think there are only two things we women can do about it just now. One is physical—to help men and women and children in Europe, who have no homes, to get ready for their bitter winter to come when fuel and food and clothing will be at a premium. And while we are about it, let us not forget the ones in China, whose continuing tragedy is submerged just now in this newer horror. For all of them we can collect clothing and give what money we can afford for food supplies.

The other thing is that we can keep our emotions from hate, even as we must keep them from too much indifference. Elizabeth Seton had a phrase that would serve us well. When a friend's life became too hard for bearing, she would say, "High the heart, my dear." And so must we carry high our hearts.

By the time this page is printed the map of the world may again be altered. That is the least important thing really about the whole problem, that lands change hands again, for often in history that has occurred. Only seventy years ago the Germans were in Paris. The important matter is the spiritual values. I think we are all beginning to realize fully now that the Hitler ideal is not merely a matter of lands but of the soul—a fearful heresy, the worst, says one priest, since Arius.

There is a new work whereby Catholic women can help their faith in this extremity, one which is just beginning but should be of increasing importance as time goes on. Certain groups of Catholic women—working just as all other groups are, for relief abroad—can aid, through bishops both here and abroad, those refugee priests who are without even the necessities for saying Mass. Simple vestments can be sent them and anything needed for carrying on their religious duties. For we know well that we must feed the hungry. But would it not be an even greater thing to see that the Bread of Life is not missing from their unhappy days?

In Praise of Mothers

SOME weeks ago I heard a talk on the radio, a sermon in praise of mothers. It was a beautiful tribute and a heartfelt one. But toward the end the speaker branched off into the story of a certain Mrs. Kelly who was very poor, who worked hard every day of her life and into the night to support her children, who had a worthless husband and many children, most of them

only a year apart in age. He painted a picture of the Sundays, when she brought them to Mass, shining clean, a whole row of them and she herself tired but beaming with pride, as well she might. He did not mention where the husband was. He spoke of her as an ideal mother, an example to others.

In my heart rose a feeling of unhappiness as I thought it over afterward. Make no mistake—I too thought of her as an ideal mother. In fact, I think that when the Mrs. Kellys of this world die and word goes out in Heaven that one of them is coming, there will be great rejoicing and room will be made for them even ahead of those who have benefited humanity in general. The Mrs. Kellys are our uncrowned martyrs and our unsainted saints. They stand over tubs, scrub offices, cook and clean for other homes and then go home to cook and clean in their own. They get no outside help for they have husbands and are not able to get the aid for children which widows get.

A Problem to Solve

SOME years ago a priest presented a story like Mrs. Kelly's to me. There was a drunken husband and a woman working herself to death to feed her children.

The priest smiled at me a trifle sarcastically. "Now you who are always so ready with your opinions, what would you do in such a case?"

I did have an opinion, for in years of settlement work I had seen what happens so often to the children while the Mrs. Kellys are still alive. The Church they belong to can see that the children are in parochial schools free, can see that they are clothed. But what about the rest of their days? They are out in the streets, running with childish gangs at first and with murderous gangs later; or perhaps they are caught under the wheels of passing cars because their mothers are out working somewhere for luckier mothers who can stay at home to watch over their boys and girls. And when the Mrs. Kellys die of overwork and too little food the children are scattered in asylums and foster homes, good of course, but the real thing—mother love—is always better.

Somewhere here there is a great injustice. I offered no very radical suggestion, but I thought it might be a good idea to have a longer parish retreat for men and a shorter one for women for a change, and preach to the men sermons on responsibility and also sermons on the mighty Christian virtue of continence.

The priest thought it an excellent suggestion. The only trouble was, he said, that the men who needed the sermons wouldn't come. And of course he was right: you can't solve human equations so easily as I suggested or many a troubled priest would have done so long ago.

THE PASSIONISTS



Sr. Catherine Gabriel and Dr. Tassis in operating room—heroic efforts in very primitive conditions

BEING six years away from China and then plunging through the length or breadth of three of her interior provinces is an experience in itself. No matter how much one has read of "Changless China," the years of absence humble one into the expectancy of many things new.

Yet what a pleasant shock it was to be halted on the highway by a young Chinese soldier with rifle ready and hear the words: "*Teh tswei, Hsien Shen* (sorry to offend you, sir), but you must stop here to register."

To one who is used to former soldiers in China and who has heard girls curse one another with the imprecation: "I hope you marry a soldier"—well, one isn't just ready for such a change.

But this war has done something to the Chinese people. It can be seen in the countenances of the soldiers. It can be sensed in the conversations overheard in tea shops, in the markets, along the streets. The high school girls from the Sisters' compound made up some one-act plays for Children's Day—that "something" was vibrant in their lines. These people are awakened; they are determined and united as they never were before; they are behind their national government strongly; the boys shout it out triumphantly in their new songs.

People driven from the coast and the north and south are learning also to appreciate the interior of their own country. A fine, talented young man, Mr. Stanley Yü, is in charge of the Postal Savings here and

rather dreaded the assignment to terrible Hunan; but now he likes the place.

It is the same with other officials from "down river." The barber, while cutting my hair, talked at length of what a wild place this must have been a short while ago. He is also from Kiangsü Province and heard the hair-raising tales of banditry, etc. Still, our American Passionists, here for twenty years already, had known all along what fine people these Hunanese are. Other Chinese are just finding it out.

And the interior is developing rapidly. New railroads are being laid. Motor roads are stretching out in a network, bridging rivers, winding circuitously up and down almost hopeless mountains, dipping down into canyons and climbing right out again.

From the automobile window I snapped a picture of a cement factory, built by a Shanghai concern. Coal, quite abundant in many interior places, is being used to develop electricity. Schools from war-torn areas have been transplanted—students, professors, equipment and all—and housed in temporary shacks or old temples hereabouts. China means to carry on.

I have slept in a hospice of the Chinese Red Cross where a clean, clear-eyed young man and his assistant, both advanced Boy Scouts, had charge of servicing ambulances. I have visited a broadcasting studio in the far interior where two Chinese engineers from a coastal prov-

The War Changes Hunan

By CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.

postmaster of the branch office within the city of Yüanling. Shanghai born and reared, he tells how he

ince had done a perfect job of installation and were carrying on regular transmissions without any "parts" store within a radius of a thousand miles. A lady from North China, a petite thing educated in Peking, was the voice of the station.

It would not be wise in these war times to give the exact locations of these improvements. They are just "somewhere" in China. But they are very definitely there. Military arsenals and other war objectives have been moved from one place to another, farther and farther away from attack, and have already passed completely beyond our West Hunan district.

Yet we still have air raid warnings. My first taste of them was the welcome on arrival at Yüanling. Riding into the bus station on Fr. Sullivan's silver-painted truck, with "Catholic Mission" on its sides and



A gracious host—Bishop Jean Larregin, Vicar Apostolic of Kunming

roofed with an American flag, we were confronted by a soldier with a gun. The brakes were applied but the car continued to coast slowly to a stop.

It was not soon enough, for the well-trained soldier boy and his gun swung around quickly and pointed at me, sitting as I was where the driver would ordinarily be, with the right side drive used in China. "Ching Bao!" he yelled furiously (the "danger warning" has been sounded). "Don't you know nobody is supposed to move?" Well, we just sat there then till the "kai chu" or "ending" of the danger was sired over the hills.

The Chinese have a fine system for signalling. Towns farther down watch the direction and number of enemy planes and word is dispatched at once by telephone or telegraph or wireless to the towns ahead. Thus there is plenty of time to run to the hills. Once, though, a squadron of thirty bombers, after leaving Yüanling, waited long enough for the people to get back into the city and then returned. The destruction of life was horrible. Of the one thousand free coffins prepared by the local government only a few were left unused. No one has ever totalled the number of dead buried by their own people.

You may have wondered how

normal life can go in schools and stores and traffic, with all this running out and back. But somehow it does. As an example our Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara was telling how our seminary has continued to meet with study requirements these last few years.

Some great American, grateful to his old teacher, has said the idea of a university is: one bench, with that teacher of his youth at one end and himself at the other. Well, that's the seminary here now—only it's a knoll on a hill with Fr. Reginald Arliss, C.P. atop it and his fourteen students gathered around.

The boys rise at four in the morning and have Mass and breakfast over so that the Bishop can have early class with them at the Mission. His Excellency never leaves at the alarms no matter how urgent. Then, when the siren sounds, each boy with his bundle follows Fr. Reginald to the hills where class continues.

Our Bishop has relieved Fr. Michael Anthony Campbell, C.P., in the Seminary so that Fr. Michael might be free to act as chaplain in the hospital and care for the children in the mission's four refugee camps. Of course, his charges—even the hospital patients—scamper away when the air raid warning comes. And I have seen him then moving around opening windows and doors lest a bomb explosion shatter the glass, and afterwards nonchalantly remark: "Well, now I'll have a chance to fix up the gardens."

There are some pictures that my old fixed-focus folding camera cannot take with a snapshot; they would be treasures. But picture for yourselves a deep lean-to covered with a low, tiled roof and closed in on three sides. From the open front, lanes lead into the shadows lined with the plank beds of the refugee families. There in the dim light sitting on one of the beds and surrounded by a few dozen children is

IN CHINA



Mealtime in a Yüanling refugee kitchen

a priest holding his Profession Crucifix. Voices reach you as you pass by, one voice followed by the repeating voices of the youngsters: "T'ien Chu, Jesu-ngo tsung tswei jen—" ("My God, my Jesus—I, a great sinner have offended you.")

It's a daily occurrence in each of the sections of the camps—Fr. Michael teaching the Chinese prayers. And when he steps into a ward in the hospital the chorus rises: "Shen Fu, Chiang Tao-Li—" ("Father, give us a doctrine talk.") "We got better so much quicker," a cured patient now in Luki told me, "when K'ang Shen Fu (Fr. Michael) would instruct us."

Our hospital in Yüanling has eighty-five beds, always filled. Sister Finan, LL.D., R.N., is at its head. But it is also fortunate in having a capable doctor refugee from Vienna, who left his son and wife in Shanghai and came up here with the International Red Cross. The Yüanling and Chihkiang hospitals are registered units of this society, an organization of foreigners and Chinese in China with Madame Chiang Kai Shek as honorary President.

The splendid Chinese Red Cross has been even more helpful to the Sisters with supplies. In answer to one request they at once dispatched two ambulances loaded with all practical things. You have heard of the complete destruction of our Sisters' hospital in Chihkiang by a direct bomb. It has started functioning again in rented quarters. It has thirty-five beds and is growing.

Fr. Paul Ubinger, C.P., takes care of the older refugees in the camps. The other night he was taking his supper at ten o'clock. "Just a little



Men's ward in Yüanling Hospital. Patients are removed at air alarms



Orphans at Yüanling marching in the form of a cross after class

argument on," he said, explaining the delay, "and I had to talk peace."

It seemed that a rather suspicious lady in her sixties had come back from her cigarette and peanut stand on the main street and found her equally elderly husband sitting on the bed just across the aisle. She was sure he must be getting too friendly with the old lady over there and was all for throwing him out.

It is really surprising, though, how well family morality is being preserved under difficult conditions. Many thousands have lived for a longer or shorter time in our Yüanling camps and only twice has the strict rule of eviction been invoked.

There are over three thousand being cared for now by our Fathers, with free lodging and ten cents a day per person, and any extra needed help on the side. The Government is caring for many more than that directly and through other private agencies. Each individual carries a tag of identification and there is no duplication of help.

Of course, this small amount is not quite sufficient, but encouragement and opportunity are given for personal initiative. In the Luki Mission camp, with nearly two hundred persons, I have only two families—one of five persons, and one of three—where no member has developed a gainful occupation.

No preference is given in our camps to those who are Catholics or express the wish to become Cath-

olics. But there is one new advantage in the situation easily apparent to those who love Christ and the bringing to others of His Love "unto dying for us." The opportunity is seen in the interest taken in Catholic doctrine and Sacraments by a class that were always the most difficult to reach in China, though they lived nearest to the Mission compounds.

"Did your family come up with you?" I asked my friend the barber.

"Oh, no, they were in the country."

AND it's true, these refugees lived in cities—"the street people," they are called. They are the business class, and any missionary who has dealt with them, living in their own China or in foreign lands, will tell you how difficult it has been to get them even to consider what the Catholic Church is all about.

Now it has always been our contention that with the well-known keenness for values in the Chinese mind, it was only necessary for them to look at the doctrines of Christ's Church and they would naturally appreciate its fullness and its truthness to human nature and dignity. They could hardly thereafter believe sincerely in anything else, whether or not the further supernatural gift of Faith came by God's mercy.

And these people are looking at Catholic truth now and asking of their own accord. That's going to mean something for China and the

Church when they go back to their homes. It's meaning something here already. In Luki Mission alone there will be forty more adults ready for Baptism by Pentecost. I have a short story ready but will save it for the next time. It is about a little Chinese girl of eight years and the gift of Faith—the sincerity and conviction by the light of God's grace.

This sincerity, this eagerness on the part of the natives to correspond with grace sustains the missionaries in their arduous work. Even were results not apparent, we would continue to labor for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Chinese, knowing that God—in His own good time—will ripen the harvest. But these years of suffering have also been years of great spiritual rewards.

Perhaps this is not extraordinary. Individual souls have much the same experience. And a nation may be touched by the hand of God even when it is under the heel of an oppressor. We believe that this awakening of the Chinese to the value of the Faith will not vanish when the much desired peace comes.

Meanwhile our task here is clear. Everything possible, both in a spiritual and in a material way, must be done for these people. We feel that their future and ours are closely knit. We should not care to fail them in their hour of greatest need.



Here is a new way of reducing

Fare Please!

By
WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.

WHEN I first came to Peking my curiosity was aroused on several occasions by coming upon large crowds of people gathered at various spots along the principal streets. Sighting such crowds I would quicken my steps, thinking that I had come upon the scene of an accident. Each time, however, I drew a blank. There was nothing doing. The people were just milling about with a patient, expectant look on their faces, rather as if they were waiting for an accident to happen.

There were always car tracks where these crowds were gathered, I noticed. So, after a couple of months, cleverly putting these two facts together, I deduced that these crowds were only waiting for the trolley car.

For a long time now, I have had a speculative eye on those trolleys and also upon the crowds, calculating any chance of getting a ride. Even at the outside my chances are slight, for the cars are already overcrowded when they pull up at any of the stops. It may be eye trouble, but several times after that milling crowd had gotten aboard, I thought I saw the sides of the car bulging.

The trolley cars of Peking usually run coupled together in pairs. They are painted a dark green and receive their power from a pair of overhead wires. The doors slide back into the sides of the cars, thereby allowing maximum room for passengers. They run for the most part in a line around the outskirts of the city, cutting in here and there for a dash along the principal streets.

Tomorrow I'm going to have a try at these trolleys. I am going out determined to get a ride. Tonight, I shall brush up on my Chinese, high-lighting those phrases one employs in the usual chit-chat with conductors. Perhaps, after seeing me make a couple of round trips with

him, the conductor may pass me that line reserved for such pests: "Say! Where *are* you going?" Well, I have the answer to that one. My mother taught it to me years ago.

When I was a student in our monastery in Scranton, my mother came on to pay me a visit. She rode up from the railway station on a trolley car, and not being familiar with the city, passed the stop. Serenely she rode along to the end of the line. Still she did not budge. Finally the conductor came up to her and, with an air of studied patience, inquired: "Lady, where *are* you going?"

But mother was not giving anything away. "Aha!" she cannily countered, "and where *are* you going?"

This sort of comeback naturally nonplussed the poor conductor and,



The smile before the day's battle

before he could check himself, he sheepishly admitted he was at the end of his rope (I suppose in a less flustered moment he would have said the end of the line and that he was about to make the return trip.)

"Well," was the determined reply, "I'm coming with you!" (And she did not pay the return fare, either.) Like mother, like son. "Drive on, my bucko, I'm staying right with you."

I may be over-confident of getting aboard with that mob all intent on the same purpose. Yet I am not worrying. My hopes are high, for I have had years of experience riding the New York subways. In addition to this, I have picked up a working knowledge of the technique of the local crowd-crasher. This is less violent than its New York counterpart—yet it also gets results.

Here is how it is done. Carefully compose the features—a faraway look



Street car on Hatamen Street

in the eyes, a blank expression on the face, and the chin well forward. (Sharply pointed chins are at a premium.) Next, take a good stance; then dig deeply with the chin into any one of the shoulders in front of you, following through with your whole dead weight. The instinctive reaction of the person attached to the shoulder is to swing sideways with the pressure. This opens up a nice hole for you and allows you a clear field to the next shoulder. If the chins holds out, in no time you can butt your way through the most formidable crowd.

While I admit the efficiency of this method, I hesitate to use it. I range to a height of six feet two inches, and in order to employ this technique effectively I would have to work from the knees. Down on my knees it would be impossible to execute the fast footwork that is also required.

Then, too, I see a flaw in this line of attack. If the person butted into is a fast thinker, instead of swaying the shoulder as anticipated, he might jerk upwards with the elbow, and I would be compelled to return to the rear of the lines to nurse a bitten tongue. Be that as it may. Tomorrow I go questing adventure! If this article remains unfinished, you will know that I never returned. But think of me as going down fighting!

NEXT MORNING

I have come back from the wars—a bedraggled, sorry sight! The way I looked this evening even the proverbial cat would have sniffed contemptuously and walked away in high disdain. In fact I would have welcomed the appearance of a friendly cat stepping up to lend a

hand in dragging me safely home.

I have heard people back home (and I have done it myself) grumble about waiting a half hour or so for a streetcar. Today I waited for six hours. I was not actually standing on a corner for six hours, but it took me exactly that length of time before I could get aboard one of these trolleys.

Early this morning I started out. I took a ricksha into town. My idea was to work out from there. First to get a comparatively empty trolley that would not tax my poise too much. After a bit of reconnoitering, however, I thought I would tackle a really crowded one. I got to town all right, but felt like turning right around for home. I had chosen the day after the Chinese New Year—the first day of the new year on which the Chinese venture abroad. Everyone was out, gaily bedecked in their New Year finery. The trolleys were packed and at each stop there was an equal number hopelessly waiting to get on.



Hand power competes with the trolleys

So I started walking, following the car line, and wistfully eyeing the cars. They were loaded to the uppers with a gay crowd. Arms were stuck out of the windows with an occasional head here and there which created the illusion of huge centipedes crawling on the sides of the cars. Legs were sticking out of doors, and on some of the cars the crowds were bellied out on the steps frantically clinging to the frailest of supports.

Along the route, obliging policemen would helpfully shove them back in with a cheery "Stay with it!" I figured that six feet of "Shen Fu" (Spiritual Father) hanging on like that would have caused many a

raised eyebrow, so I refrained from trying my luck.

I walked and walked for two hours and a half, and by that time was several miles from the heart of things. I began to fear that I would be cut off from my base of supplies. It was one o'clock and I felt the need of supplies. So I took another ricksha back to my starting point where I knew I could get a bit to eat.

After lunch, I started out again. This time I thought I could take one of the trolleys by a flank movement. It was the ricksha again to the other end of town. Still the crowds were everywhere. I walked some more and began to understand how Joshua felt doing his seven trips around those walls of Jericho. These bulging trolleys were just fortresses on wheels and well nigh impregnable.

I was about to give up, planning to start again real early the next day and catch the Chinese napping. Suddenly there was a shrill blast of a whistle, followed by a rumbling noise alongside of me. It was a trolley, sure enough! That accounted for the rumbling, and the whistle was the conductor's.

The car was crowded as the others had been, but I spotted a little space by the open door. The pack was already at my heels. I would never get a break like this again. So hastily pulling in my nose and squinting my eyes in order to give an Oriental cast to my features, I hopped aboard. The door clanged shut and we were off!

I looked about me. I was greeted on all sides by a barrage of those curious stares one gives to foreigners. So I realized they had pierced my hastily assumed disguise and knew me for what I was—a foreigner. I tried to look bland, to create the impression that streetcar riding was a regular thing with me.

There was a movement around me and from out a mass of elbows there wriggled a little fellow with a khaki colored cap set at a jaunty angle on his head. He had a police whistle in the side of his mouth and suspended by a strap from his shoulder a woman's old fashioned pocketbook. The whistle was to signal the motorman and the pocketbook—one of those big, roomy affairs—was to stuff the paper money into. (I think the women readers of *THE SIGN*

could find a big market over here for their old pocketbooks. I am sure these conductors would go for them in a big way.)

From the side of his mouth not occupied in holding the whistle, this conductor asked me where I wanted to go. Here was the setup for asking him where *he* was going, but I thought it a little premature for that sort of thing.

WITH a shake of his head he wriggled under an arm and collected the tickets of the other passengers who obligingly handed them over. When I saw I was the only one holding out on him, I grabbed him on the way back (I almost had to step on him to hold him still) and crammed the ticket into his hand.

Now we were at the end of the line and the passengers all crowded past me. They would have swept me along with them had I not clung to one of the upright bars. When the field was clear—with the conductor and myself the sole occupants of the car—I approached that individual and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Say," I confided, "I want to 'hui lai'" ('to return').

Hustling me out of the car, he pointed dramatically to the car ahead. I boarded that car ahead.

This time I even got a seat, but soon the crowds came pouring in around me. A jolly crowd, though, with the right spirit of cooperation for crowded cars. They obligingly gave their backs for each other's support. Legs and arms became so entangled, I was not sure which were mine. And beaming down on this mass of tangled humanity was the bright, smiling face of a Shirley Temple advertisement for jars of Mentholatum.

Meanwhile I was somewhere under the pile, bent at an acute angle. When finally we came to the other end of the line, I looked around for my arms and legs, and jammed them on again. This time I managed to stay on the same car for the return trip. But it was getting late—near supper time—and I saw I could not keep this up all night. After much watchful waiting, a sturdy fellow in front of me began cleaving his way out. I hastily jumped up and followed his interference. He got me through and out. Staggering over to a ricksha, I tumbled in, gasping: "Take me home!"

Seeking A Safety Zone

By SR. M. ROSARIO

BY THIS time details of the destruction of our hospital—a tragedy and loss from which we have not yet recovered—must have reached you. Some may wonder that we did not have our institutions located in the country. The story behind our various moves since the bombings began—long ago—may prove interesting.

Scripture says: we must love our life to save it. I have often heard these words, often read them, but they were indelibly impressed upon my memory when Father William quoted them while discussing a place of safety for the Sisters and those entrusted to our care, after the first air raid here.

Preparing against the mission's being bombed, Father bought a house and lot adjoining our refugee camp. He also obtained another house and had it moved to this property which is not only across the river from the city but near the end of a street which opens onto a vast area of rice fields.

As each air raid took toll on the nervous system, we, with the girls and blind women, began to take our place in the ranks of those who left home each morning immediately after breakfast and returned in the evening.

More fortunate than those who had to spend the day in the open, we found refuge on this newly acquired property. From here we could easily reach a place of comparative safety soon after the alarm sounded. The blind women kept up continuous prayer while the girls studied, sewed, and played. The Sisters treated some dispensary patients here and made sick calls.

Sister Catherine remained at the hospital until the siren-sounded. But the patients there became fewer and fewer. The sick and wounded preferred a peaceful death at home to risking their lives again in the city. Before long the hospital, too, was moved to two of the huts in the refugee camp. There with a mud floor,

mud walls, and a straw roof, the patients seemed content and their number increased daily.

A Swedish doctor in the service of the Red Cross was passing through Chihkiang one evening when his machine struck and slightly injured a man. The doctor accompanied him to the hospital. What must have been his surprise to find at the entrance of a mud hut the sign, "K'uan Hui I Yuan" (Extensive Charity Hospital), a name given in honor of the late Father Edward McCarthy, C.P., whose Chinese name was "K'uan Hui." The doctor expressed his opinion of the place

were becoming frequent, we moved to this place of refuge. The crippled and blind women occupied two rooms next to the classroom, above which half of the girls slept on straw mats on the floor.

In the other house, the Sisters and nurse lived on the first floor, while the loft was fixed up for a dormitory for the rest of the children. The sides of the house do not reach to the eaves, so a railing was built to keep the little ones from falling out into the yard or down into our refectory, which was also the main room.

At night this room was converted



The war has brought us many homeless refugees to feed

in two words, "Very primitive!"

The public school had been closed but the education of our forty-two orphans could not be neglected indefinitely. A classroom was arranged in the newly bought house, a teacher hired, and our class work was begun. It was frequently interrupted by the siren. However, children are children, and diversion—although it be in the form of an air raid—is welcome, especially to the less studious.

As all our work was being carried on outside the city and night alarms

into a chapel where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered each morning. The space was too small to accommodate all the girls so they knelt in the yard. On Sundays they went to the church. When it was raining heavily on week days they were allowed to stay in bed; that is, those who slept above the school. The others were forbidden to go upstairs during the time of spiritual exercises and meals.

There were many inconveniences which were gladly borne for the calm

we experienced in being near the country when the alarm was given. One thing we never got used to was the absence of the Blessed Sacrament, for it was impossible to reserve the Sacred Host here.

All went well until an ammunition dump not far from us was bombed. We had returned home and were caring for the wounded after the raid when suddenly there was a terrific explosion. The fire had reached bombs that were stored there. Our buildings were shaken, boards knocked out of the walls, and tiles off the roofs. The yard was strewn with shrapnel. No one was injured, although everybody was terribly frightened.

Then came the rumor that fighting planes were to be stationed at our airport. This meant air battles for Chihkiang. Father arranged for the crippled and blind women to be cared for by Christian families in the country.

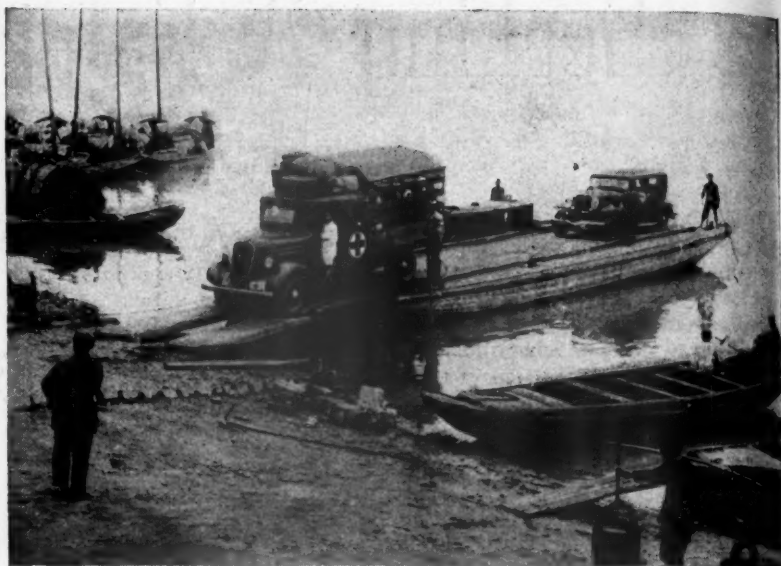
It was decided that Sisters Christina and Mary Mark take the little orphans to Kienyang, a day's journey from here. It was a great day when the twenty-two little tots started off on their first chair ride. The Sisters left on the feast of St. Teresa, the foundation day of our community. We wonder if it will mark the foundation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Kienyang—or is this to be only temporary?

THEY opened a dispensary and began visiting the sick. They met with great opposition as the people were afraid of them. Children ran when they saw them coming.

The number of patients was growing when the bombers paid their first visit to Kienyang. The alarm was not given in time and the bombers were over the city before the Sisters and their little charges were out of the danger zone, while the majority of the people paid no attention to the alarm.

Experience keeps a dear school, but the Kienyang folk learned their lesson. Thereafter, every morning shops were closed and everyone fled to the country before the alarm sounded. This again interfered with the dispensary work; but it did not last long. Gradually they returned and resumed their daily routine.

The day after the little girls left here, the street to which we had moved for safety was bombed. Again



An ambulance from the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China. Would that they could be multiplied a hundredfold!

our buildings were spared any serious damage.

Then a new situation presented itself in the form of petty thefts. Our compound was surrounded by a low mud wall which was easily scaled. Articles left about the yard and on the clothes line, disappeared. It took on a more serious character when the thief attempted to gain entrance to our house.

The hospital had to return to the city for the winter, so we all returned. The crippled and blind women were safe in the country; the Sisters in Kienyang would look after the little ones; the girls who were left were all able to run when the siren sounded.

When we were again in our convent home the dreadful fear of living in the city left us. Whether this was an answer to someone's prayers or part of Our Lord's promise, "He that shall lose his life for My sake, shall find it," we don't know. Anyway, we are convinced that the only safety zone in Chihkiang is in the Arms of Divine Providence.

The destruction of our hospital has not changed this conviction. Of course we are not courting danger. Every precaution is taken to safeguard our patients' lives and our own. We depend on the air raid alarms. Needless to say, we pray that nothing may happen to interrupt this service as long as death from the air threatens us.

We are rebuilding, as best the

present trying circumstances will permit, our refuge for the sick and wounded. Until we are assured of financial aid and have money to purchase supplies, I am afraid our accommodations will be more primitive than ever. But we cannot stand by, in the presence of suffering, and do nothing. Every help that our ingenuity can devise and every service to which our charity impels us will be devoted to these—our people.

A stronger bond than ever, forged in these critical months, binds us to the Chinese. If they have been grateful for our attentions, we in turn are in admiration of their patience and courage. Their attitude would make it impossible for us to let them down.

Many of those who have known us for some time realize that we, like they, depend on charity. They see that we share their food, their living conditions, their dangers. It is seldom, as readers of *THE SIGN* will recall, that we so much as mention these circumstances. Now, however, the need is not so much ours as that of our townspeople and refugees.

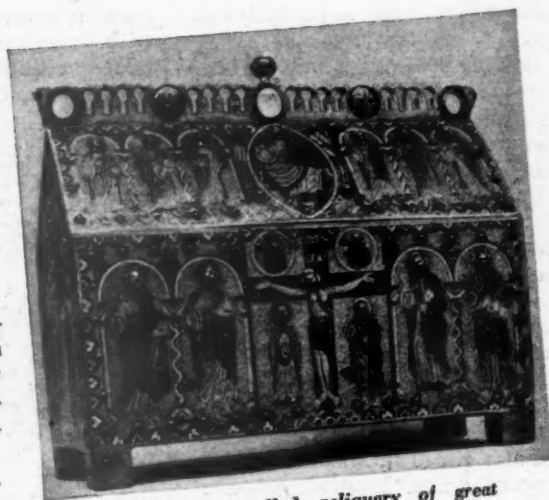
For this reason, we appeal with confidence to all for some assistance—no matter how small. Souls and bodies both may be saved if we can rebuild and equip even the small hospital that stood as a symbol of mercy until the bombers blotted it out. It will rise again—as soon as funds reach us.



Cloisters at Fort Tryon Park. Reconstructed arcades and garden court of Cuxa Cloister, Provence

From Manhattan to the Middle Ages

By KATHERINE BREGY



Medieval enamelled reliquary of great beauty at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE New York Fair of 1940 is not dedicated to the "World of Tomorrow"—perhaps because the tomorrow which turned its page upon a new World War last September proved too tragically disenchanting!—but instead it has a theme song hopefully dedicated to "Peace and Freedom." Well, we have been a good many centuries asking *What's wrong with the world?*—and deciding that the fault lies mainly with the people in it: as it did in Eden, when there were only two, and they exercising their chief originality by discovering original sin! Yet pessimism is so easy, so unchristian, and so ossifying to all living energy that we know we must go on fighting our way toward the deeper and higher vision. We must, in Francis Thompson's words "believe because we dare not doubt"—and believe in man as well as in God.

There is nothing much more exhilarating than experiments. But looking around at the net results of our modern experimenting with financial and industrial conditions, at our trivial failures in education and our tragic failures in world peace, the most optimistic of us are likely to echo the plaint of the little

boy in one of Mr. Sargoyan's plays: "I'm not naming any names, Pa, but something's wrong somewhere."

Does not this general confusion in contemporary art and life suggest that one of the wrong things may be our unwillingness to remember and learn from the World of Yesterday? It is not easy to strike the perfect balance between experience and experiment, but probably no one ever did it more expertly than Matthew Arnold when he pointed out that the prime function of criticism is "to know the best that is known and thought in the world," and through this familiarity "to create a current of true and fresh ideas."

Blindness and bitterness toward the past is, of course, a natural mark of Communism, but the Catholic ought not to need reminding that between past and present there can never be any real cleavage—only continuity. Is there, then, some trace of the much-discussed inferiority complex in the fact that we are not more conscious and more proud of

the arts which grew directly out of Catholicity? It seems a little curious that, eight times out of ten, it is the non-Catholic scholar who brings Dante or St. Thomas into some public discussion of philosophy, and the non-Catholic millionaire who spends his energy and his money in the cause of Gothic art. For instance, how many Catholics visiting New York for the World's Fair—how many Catholics born or resident in Manhattan—have any notion that this rushing city whose sky is pierced by the highest towers in the world houses also some of the most valuable medieval treasures in the world? How many know that we could start a pilgrimage from Fifth Avenue straight into the heart of the Middle Ages?

Let us begin at the great Public Library on the corner of 42nd

Street, since everybody thinks of a public library as one of the high lights in democracy and popular education. We will go up the front steps, past those bored but beneficent stone lions, and take an elevator to the spacious room consecrated to the Spencer Collection. Here, among other precious hand-illuminated manuscripts, we may see a primitive Lectionary of the Gospels, executed in Germany about 950 A.D., whose saints still imitate the stiff, hieratic dignity of Byzantine mosaics. We will find two interesting illuminated Latin Bibles of the fourteenth-century, and an elaborate Graduale from fifteenth-century Austria bearing the arms of the Benedictine abbey where it was so carefully fashioned.

Best of all, we may study the beautiful Tickhill Psalter of the early fourteenth century, which the library records describe as "one of the most important examples of English Gothic illumination" in existence. Watching the delicate and exquisite designs, we feel suddenly close to the man responsible for this loving piece of work, for on a fly-leaf are written in Latin these words: "Pray for the soul of Brother John Tickhill, bachelor of Divinity and formerly Prior of the Monastery of Worksop, who wrote this book with his own hands and also gilded it. May his soul rest in peace. Amen."

Our thoughts are good company as we descend the stairs and, passing the hurrying crowds of young students, of "general readers" and of the unemployed who just want a place to sit down and browse through the newspapers and magazines, are again out upon Fifth Avenue. Then, if we are wise, we will walk back to 36th Street and turn east toward Madison Avenue, where stands the magnificent and fastidiously chosen library of the late Pierpont Morgan. It is open to the public but none of the institutional atmosphere penetrates this marble palace which, with its leaded windowpanes, carved Renaissance fireplaces and "infinite riches in a little room," might have delighted the heart of an earlier patron of the arts, Lorenzo di Medici. We may pause for awhile to look at some of the rare modern manuscripts and autographs—they range all the way from Benvenuto Cellini to Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, from George Washington to Mark

Twain's *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. But here again our chief interest will center around the medieval legacy in which Mr. Morgan specialized.

Probably first to arrest one's attention will be the Golden Latin Gospels, a manuscript of striking beauty with its gold lettering upon purple vellum, probably executed at the palace school of Charlemagne. An ironic page of history is bound up with these violet pages, since the work is believed to be the one presented by Pope Leo X to Henry VIII of England when the title "Defender of the Faith" was somewhat prematurely conferred upon that future apostate. In a separate case is the original cover of these Gospels, gorgeously carved in gilt and silver with large inset jewels, showing the figure of Christ Crucified mourned by the sun and moon, Our Lady, St.

Four Gospels in Armenian, dated 1274, notable for its beautifully illuminated peacocks and other birds.

One of the most superb manuscripts in the whole collection is the Missal from Chalons-sur-Marne. But surely one with the greatest human interest is a volume of notes compiled by a fifteenth-century student at Oxford—still bearing the chain by which it was safely attached to the bookshelf to preserve it from predatory students!

Returning again to Fifth Avenue, we will do well to stop in for a few minutes and a few prayers at that fine and familiar specimen of modern Gothic, St. Patrick's Cathedral. Here, where the past and present of Catholicism meet harmoniously, we find a meeting also of what architects like to call the beautiful and the functional. We see a comprehensive example of Catholic art being used for daily, unselfconscious devotion. It was once feared that the stupendous shafts of nearby Rockefeller Center might dwarf St. Patrick's—but his twin-towers still point higher since they point to God.

Next—since we can scarcely track each precious primitive in other private galleries or churches—we had best take the convenient Fifth Avenue bus up to one of the outstanding museums of the world, the Metropolitan. Here, in the Pierpont Morgan wing, the Benjamin Altman collection, and other galleries, we may trace our medieval heritage from the Byzantine and Romanesque remains into the intricacies of that Gothic flowering which was at once so personal and so universal. And we will find the treasures widely representative, with sculpture in wood and stone, paintings of the joyous Giotto period when European art stirred with the breath of early Franciscan poetry and piety, on to the rich Renaissance canvases in which returning paganism competed with the Christian message.

They include also tapestries such as the King Arthur, or the elaborate Fall and Redemption of Man series—those amazing sheets of handiwork with which our Medieval ancestors draped their cold stone walls with beauty—the huge carved chests so dear to their hearts, the jewelry of their women, and the armor of their men. On the ever-present religious side we will not soon forget the delicately carved St. Thecla altar of



Photo courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art
Fourteenth-century French
statue of Virgin and Child

John, the Holy Women, and angels. Nearby we find a unique manuscript of the Hours of the Virgin, with silver letters on black vellum, an eleventh-century illumination from Mont St. Michael in France showing Our Lady's Assumption, and the

Spanish alabaster; the reliquaries in which silver and gold smithery, jewels, and enamel work sang the praise of the burden within; or the colorful examples of that very Catholic art, stained glass, which brought a new glory to the Church of the Middle Ages.

But the Metropolitan Museum has wisely realized that medieval art—particularly on the ecclesiastical side—can never be adequately represented by specimens grouped archaeologically in galleries. Just as the practice in all modern museums is to revivify the art of a given time by grouping it in "period rooms," so in the Cloisters at Fort Tryon Park we meet a superlative attempt to reconstruct the whole monastic scene of the Middle Ages. Here are assembled the sculpture, tapestries, and colossal architectural remains originally brought to this country by George Grey Barnard, and later presented to the Metropolitan Museum, along with their present site, by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

The beauty and completeness with which this blending of old and new has been achieved here on a hillside above the Hudson are at first almost breath-taking. The red-tiled roof, the hand-cut granite of the monastery building, the ramparts, the steep winding stairways, even the cobblestone walks of the approach, seem in perfect harmony with the majestic twelfth-century doorway from Southwest France, the Romanesque and Gothic carvings and magnificent cloisters transplanted from France or Spain. In fact, the only equally successful merging of medieval and modern material lies probably in the literary field—in that extraordinary recension (or, if you prefer, recasting) of the various Tristram and Iseult legends put into modern French by Jean Bédier, then into modern English by Hilare Belloc.

Passing some rare thirteenth-century frescoes from San Pedro de Arlanza, Spain, we enter through the Romanesque Hall and are faced by an immense carved group of the Magi. It, too, is Spanish and most impressive, even if the overworked St. Joseph—"man of the house," as Katharine Tynan tenderly saluted him!—has fallen fast asleep. To the right of this hall stretches the St. Guilhem Cloister, to the left, that of Cuxa; while the Romanesque chapel with its huge Spanish cruci-

fix lies directly ahead, and leading out from it the twelfth-century French chapter house from Notre Dame de Pontaut. Through the noble dignity of such a vaulted chapter house St. Bernard and the tempest-tossed philosopher Abelard might have walked—in some such chapel might have knelt Heloise of Paris, or St. Louis' Mother, Blanche of Castile. The reposeful beauty of the round arches which have not yet soared up into the perilous beauty of the point, make the nearby Gothic chapel seem almost modern.

WE WILL want to sit for awhile out in the open cloisters, beside apple and cedar trees, purple iris in the spring, and various herbs and flowers known to have been cultivated by the medieval monks who loved them for their beauty or—like Friar Lawrence—for their medicinal value. And sitting here we will dream about the centuries of history wrapping us round. . . . This St. Guilhem Cloister was built about the year 1203, but the abbey of which it originally formed a part had been founded in 804 by one of Charlemagne's paladins—Duke Guilhem or William of Aquitaine, who gave it a relic of the True Cross obtained from the Patriarch of Jerusalem and gave it also his own final years in prayer. For centuries the monastery was a favorite stopping place for pilgrims en route from Toulouse to the shrine of St. James at Compostello. Then, in the time of the Huguenots, it was ruinously pillaged and after the French Revolution was used successively as a cotton mill, a tannery, and a stonemason's quarry.

The more beautiful Cloister from St. Michel-de-Cuxa in the Pyrenees had an even more exciting story. Its monastery was founded in the ninth century by a group of Benedictines whose former home had been wiped away by an avalanche; and it is said that the abbot was advised by the emperor, Charles the Bald, to place Cuxa with its "fifty monks and twenty servants . . . the thirty volumes of his library, and his five hundred sheep, fifty mares, forty pigs, two horses, five donkeys, twenty oxen, and one hundred other large animals with horns" (11) under the feudal protection of the powerful Count Miron. In the tenth century St. Peter Urseolus, a former doge

of Venice, and St. Romuald were novices there, while its Abbot Oliva was not only a noted poet and architect but also Bishop of Vich. The cloister carvings are probably a little older than those of St. Guilhem—but like the latter, they suffered in the seventeenth century and were plundered and divided after the French Revolution.

Tales as full of *chiaroscuro* haunt the beautiful but somewhat later Trie and Bonnefont Cloisters also assembled on these heights looking down upon the great modern span of the George Washington Bridge. One wishes for a Brother Petroc to return and tell us more of the years when peaceful monks paced the walks, and the other years of civil and religious warfare which saw the monks' dispersal. One would give much, too, to question the men and women who once slept beneath the carved tombs preserved in the Early Gothic Hall: particularly the Spanish count, Armengol VII, whose elaborate sarcophagus stood in the Premonstratensian monastery founded about 1146 by himself and his wife; or the French fourteenth-century couple, Clement and Beatrice de Longroy, who lay beneath a simple slab of limestone and alabaster, showing the knight recumbent in full armor with sword at side and the lions of courage at his feet, while his mate lies quietly in the costume of her time.

And it would be vastly interesting to know the story of those vibrant tapestries of the Hunt of the Unicorn, evidently first cousins to the famous unicorn series preserved at Cluny in Paris. Were these pictured allegories, so pulsing with color and action, so crowded with the men and women, the animals, birds, and legends of the fifteenth century, really woven for a wedding gift as experts seem to believe? And does the recurrent monogram, "A-E," refer to the lord and lady for whom the gift was designed, or to the motto *Amour et Eternité*?

Amour et Eternité—Love and Eternity. . . . We could scarcely tread a finer or firmer bridge back from Manhattan to the Middle Ages! Nor can we resist an extra *Deo gratias* that here, in the New World of Today, the arts of which this ancient bride is fashioned are as safe as anything human from the bombs and bitterness of Old World warfare.

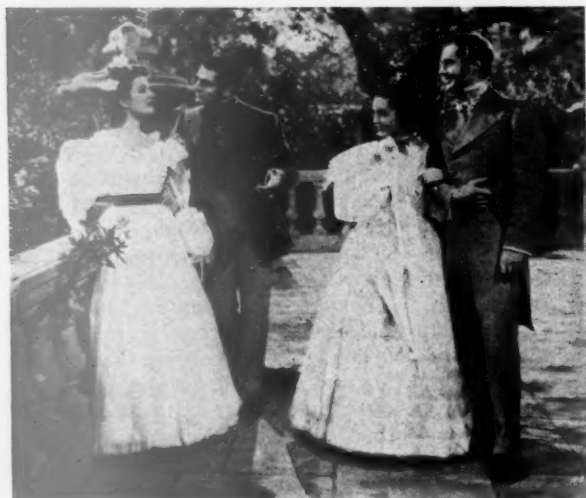
STAGE AND SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

SCREEN adaptations of popular novels, literary classics, and successful stage plays have long been the center of stormy controversy. It is only the rare instance which finds a majority of critics and movie-goers completely satisfied with film reproductions of literary or theatrical properties. Distortions of the works of Shakespeare, Dickens, and several contemporary authors have been claimed from time to time. In some instances these claims have been justified, in others the dissident voices have failed to take into consideration the scope, the demands, and the limitations of the screen medium.

The oblique approach has been popular with studio officials since the early days, when the executives of the industry realized that the box office reacted far more favorably to the lure of Theda Bara or Gloria Swanson than the mental attraction of the classics. Since that time almost every screen adaptation has undergone revision to bring it into the orbit of the audience mind. Only recently, and this in minute particles, have the producers decided to test public reaction by retaining intact the features that have placed a novel or play on the exceptional list in their particular fields.

Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* was as faithful a transition as could be wished; a different end-



Another of the many beautiful scenes from "Pride and Prejudice"



Two scenes from M.G.M.'s adaptation of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." Left: The Bennet sisters, as portrayed by Greer Garson, Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt, Heather Angel and Maureen O'Sullivan

Below: Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier, who play the romantic leads in the picture



ing was provided for Daphné du Maurier's, *Rebecca*, but the substance of the novel remained; *Our Town*, while not adhering to the bare-stage background which first attracted attention to the play, captured the spirit of the drama and transformed it into the year's outstanding screen hit; *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* followed the lines and essence of Sherwood's production, though failing to create the profound impression of its performance.

Considering Hollywood's apparent readiness to alter even accepted masterpieces, and the lack of compunction with which wholesale eliminations of scenes and characters are often made, it is interesting to scan the list of prices paid for screen material during the past few months.

Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* was purchased for \$70,000; *Escape*, a story of Nazi Germany by Ethel Vance, brought \$60,000, and in the \$50,000 bracket are *All This and Heaven, Too*; *Tree of Liberty* by Elizabeth Page; *Rebecca*; *Disputed Passage*, from the pen of Lloyd Douglas; and Christopher Morley's attempt at sensationalism, *Kitty Foyle*. Though these figures may seem high, they are dwarfed into insignificance by the prices asked—and paid—for Broadway's hit plays. *The American Way*, \$250,000; *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, \$225,000; *The Little Foxes*, \$100,000; *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, \$250,000; and *The Male Animal*, \$150,000. The all-time high dates back several years to the purchase of rights to *Ben Hur* for \$2,000,000.

A frantic endeavor on the part of the studios to insure

a safe return on their investment often leads to a complete overhauling of plot, title, and principal characters. Probably the classic example of this type of manipulation will go unchallenged for some time. It is the recent dictum of Walter Wanger in connection with the screening of Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*. After securing the screen rights, Wanger immediately discarded the material and decided to use only the title. Some time later the title itself was changed to *Foreign Correspondent* and finally came the order that no reference to the Sheean book was to be used by the publicity department in advertising the film. As it now stands, the chagrined author is richer by several thousand dollars, *Foreign Correspondent* is in the final stages of production and Wanger, complacent and self-satisfied, is no doubt accepting congratulations for bringing "another literary gem" to the screen.

The issue will probably remain unsettled for some time to come, with one side finding no particular reason why an entirely separate medium of expression should follow the blueprints and paths of the printed page and the stage platform. Over the fence thousands of book lovers continue to wonder at the enigmatic ways of an industry spending over a million dollars yearly for the right to film material that is either immediately discarded or distorted so completely as to make it unrecognizable.

* * *

Many ambitious radio commentators and self-styled



Mickey Rooney finds himself in difficulties again in his latest picture, "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante"

experts on international affairs have been using the European War as a solid stepping stone to greater personal glory and financial stability. Although the general policy of the national networks and the individual stations has been one of "no editorial comment," several of the reporters repeatedly over-step the limits in a manner not always evident to the average listener. Inflection, emphasis, and a rapid-fire, semi-hysterical method of delivery can create many impressions not actually written into a script. The reasons for allowing the Walter Winchells of the airwaves to rush in where qualified officials hesitate to express an opinion, remain rather vague, if not significant of a definite trend.

No matter what the outcome of the conflict may be, America is assured of one thing—an army of "experts" on national and international politics—an army which may never learn the wisdom of speaking softly, sanely, and simply.

* * *

The end of the theatrical season and the halfway mark in the screen year arrived simultaneously, with both branches of the entertainment world exhibiting a rather bleak record of achievement. The theater has had a definitely important setback in both artistic and practical advancement and aside from a scant half-dozen offerings of exceptional merit, the screen output can be classed as mediocre.

The outstanding film of the year—and indeed one of the finest examples of real cinema art—is *Our Town*, as unique and stirring a production as the screen has ever shown. The Edison saga, *Young Tom Edison* and *Edison the Man*, have proved that film biographies need not necessarily consist of dreary passages from famous speeches or glamorized versions of the life story of some real or fancied hero. The fine adult drama, *Rebecca*, Disney's cartoon, *Pinocchio*, the thrilling action of *Northwest Passage* and *The Dark Command*, and the quiet sincerity of the unappreciated *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* rate serious consideration in classifying the best films of the year.

Even less fortunate was the legitimate theater, wherein the majority of the season's productions either espoused the cause of various propagandists or sagged with the weight of the questionable type of material so dear to the Broadway heart.

Out of a total of 75 plays presented, only 14 were considered successful. The balance ranged from moderately popular to the usual melange of one and two performance disasters. This is a situation which must be corrected by the theater if it is to survive its own blunders of judgment and false philosophy. A strictly materialistic outlook and an utter disregard for the sensibilities of the public will eventually take the toll, as is happening at the present time.

* * *

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO—Warner Bros.—



Brenda Joyce and John Payne in a picturesque scene from "Maryland"

Rachel Field's novel has been transferred to celluloid reality with such inspired effort that it is already being heralded as the outstanding picture of the year. Unfortunately for such a high-g geared publicity campaign, a truly great screen play requires more than effort and fidelity to the source from which it has been acquired.

While it is undoubtedly a drama to merit serious consideration, it is too tediously long and slow-paced to arouse enthusiasm and lacks the compelling and human qualities that must be present in addition to technical perfection.

Bette Davis performs with tremendous depth and power the strange story of Henriette Desportes, the central figure in the murder and suicide of the Duchess and Duke de Praslin in the Paris of 1847.

Audiences may well object to the manner in which the crime of self-destruction is presented. The screen makes a serious blunder when it treats suicide as heroic and glosses over the moral implications of such an act. It means overlooking the vast influence which the motion picture possesses over the minds of many, in favor of the dramatic punch of the moment.

Charles Boyer is prominently and effectively cast, and Jeffrey Lynn, Barbara O'Neil, Janet Beecher, and Virginia Weidler perform with finesse and an awareness of the importance of their roles.

It is due principally to the work of Miss Davis and to the excellent technical co-ordination that the film achieves its high rating.

MARYLAND—20th Century-Fox—This picture is beautifully mounted in technicolor and photographed with an eye for scenic effects. Much of the story material, concerning itself with the efforts of a mother to prevent her son from riding, has been subordinated to the scenes of the training and development of thoroughbred horses for the steeplechase. There are two outstanding sequences that compensate in large degree for the static plot—a Negro revival meeting scene that is one of the best of its kind ever filmed and the climactic scenes of the Maryland Hunt.

Walter Brennan, Fay Bainter, Charles Ruggles, John Payne, and Brenda Joyce are all capable in the principal roles, but the quadrupeds and the Maryland panorama usurp the spotlight.

ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE—MGM—While the Jones Family and the countless other next-door-neighbor groups have faded into obscurity, the Hardys still manage to ride the crest of popularity. Plausible scenarios, carefully planned production schedules, and the presence of the inimitable Mickey Rooney have kept the series moving at a brisk pace.

A trip to New York with the expected maze of complications and adolescent problems provides the impetuous Andy with ample opportunity to be as brash and humorous as ever. Wiser heads are also prevailing and Rooney is directed with a firm hand, allowing less opportunity for his particular brand of overplaying. Judy Garland, developing into an exceptionally clever comedienne, joins Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, and the usual complement of stock performers in this bright comedy designed for general consumption.

TURNABOUT—United Artists—Attuned to the level

of those who found sustenance in the novels of Thorne Smith, this feeble attempt at comedy manages to be no more than a ribald romp. The misadventures of an unhappily married couple form the basis of the plot. They express a desire to change places and their wish is accomplished through the machinations of an ornamental idol which had wearied of their continual bickering. The transformation allows writers, director, and players to run riot, and the result is high on the list of the year's—if not the decade's—most objectionable productions. Step by step, the studios are treading the dangerous path toward the complete subjugation of moral values. No component feature of the picture is sufficiently clever or clean or comic to merit particular attention.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—MGM—A high caliber adaptation of Jane Austen's romantic comedy of nineteenth-century England, where pride was the principal stock in trade of the wealthy, and prejudice the defense of the bourgeoisie.

A splendid balance between light comedy and the romantic episodes of the novel has been maintained. The usual lavish brush of the MGM studios has not been spared in providing a background and a cast of exceptional ability and charm. The possible danger of allowing the production to become either a museum piece or a subject for satire has been carefully avoided by Director Robert Leonard. Laurence Olivier as the arrogant Darcy and Greer Garson as the witty and unpredictable Elizabeth manage their roles in a brilliant fashion. Excellent assistance is given by Maureen O'Sullivan, Edna May Oliver and Mary Boland, who are the outstanding members of a large and capable cast. Advocates of screen "realism" may not admire many of the rather obvious plot twists, but the general run of audiences will find the picture an amusing and entertaining interlude.

SOUTH OF PAGO PAGO—United Artists—A futile attempt to make the white girl-native boy type of romantic story palatable. A group of derelict adventurers descend on a peaceful tropic isle and stir up considerable trouble in their endeavor to force the natives to dive for pearls in dangerous waters. Running true to formula, the sensuous is over-emphasized. Victor McLaglen, Jon Hall, and Frances Farmer play out the familiar pattern in stereotyped fashion.

THE REFUGEE—Republic—The germ of an excellent scenario is present in this unusual and timely super-western. A refugee doctor and his daughter are invited to the dust-bowl area to practice, after they have appeared on a national radio program. They arrive in the middle of an influenza epidemic and a raging dust storm. Their first impressions are gradually and forcefully changed by the leader of the townsfolk, a young man who is advocating the wholesale migration of the people to Oregon. A former fiancé of the girl appears on the scene and tries to persuade her to return to the Reich. The fade-out is along expected lines, but the writers have provided several refreshing changes in the routine. John Wayne, and Sigrid Gurie and Charles Coburn as the refugees, are important cogs in the development of a "new" Western.

THE LITTLE PITCHER

BY ENID DINNIS..

"YOU take my advice and make this the last one," the doctor said to Clara's mother when he called in to see how the new arrival fared. The latest Pilson baby had not proved a promising specimen—the family did not run to promising specimens. He ran his eye over the comfortless room, and over the speck of humanity which lay at Mrs. Pilson's side.

The speck of humanity opened its eyes and made a feeble vocal response. It might have been a protest against the speaker's modernism, or an apology, as though its inner consciousness was already aware that it was an entirely superfluous addition to the already redundant family.

The doctor relented his officialism. "What are you going to call her?" he asked.

The woman in the bed shook her head wearily. "Can't say I've thought about it," she said, "there's so many of them. Ten in all counting the two I've buried. There don't seem to be any names left."

Dr. Paul Henson proved to be possessed of a resourceful mind.

"What were the names of the two you lost?" he asked.

"There was Clara and John," was the reply.

"Well, then, call this one Clara," Dr. Henson said.

So the eleventh member of the Pilson family entered upon her career with what might be called a second-hand name.

It matched the outgrown garments to which the second Clara succeeded when her elder sister was too big for them; and the second-hand doll which became hers when



Bella received a new one with two arms. Clara, as a matter of fact, took the question of her name rather curiously to heart. There were such lots and lots of names, and they didn't cost anything, like new frocks. It seemed hard that she should not have a name all to herself.

The individualist in the second Clara seemed to be balked at every turn. Even when she had the measles she caught them from Freddy. Even a single measle of her own would have been something, and when the complaint left her with a nasty cough her mother com-

mented that it had been exactly the same with Clara whom she had buried six years ago. It was the same cough, sure enough.

At seven years of age Clara had developed a curious complex which a keen psychologist might have traced to the subconscious impression made on the intelligence of a baby whose arrival had but added to the numerical complications of the family.

"You have a very large family, Mrs. Pilson," the official lady who called to make health inquiries said to Clara's mother. It was plainly indicated that the family should have stopped before the second Clara made her appearance. The latter, sitting on the floor hugging the one-armed doll, felt the health lady's eye on her. She made a sound with the other Clara's cough which attracted the lady's attention.

"Be off, Clara," her mother said. "Little pitchers have long ears," she warned the visitor. "That child listens to everything that's said."

Clara ran off, but she had received an impression which she was not able to convey to the one-armed doll—it was too vague to be put into speech, although she had acquired some vocabulary since the day when Dr. Paul Henson had made the same implication.

One day there came along a visitor who had not been sent by the school authorities. The new priest at St. Joseph's had been having a roundup of lapsed Catholics and was facing the leakage question resolutely. It had transpired after inquiries made by two of the modern edition of the seventy-two sent to prepare the way, that Mrs. Pilson was a lapsed Catholic. The messenger on this occasion was a youthful and attractive damsel who having gained an entry sat and chatted with Mrs. Pilson, who found her a very pleasant-spoken lady. She opened the campaign by taking notice of Clara who was sitting in a corner—a little pitcher with very long ears. Listening was one of Clara's accomplishments. Pondering things in her heart was another.

"What a lovely little kiddie," the visitor said. She induced Clara to come forward and make friends, which she did somewhat shyly.

The visitor found no fault with her health. "She gets her eyes from you," she commented to the mother.

Clara had rather nice brown eyes.

"Yes, and her carrotty head from her father," the other replied. "He's real carrotty, my hubby."

Clara listened, and once again the impression she received was one of being "just bits of other people." Even her eyes and her hair, the straight red hair that was untidily cut in a crooked fringe on her forehead above her snub nose.

The lady visitor stayed quite a long time, and in the end Mrs. Pilson had been made to promise to send the children to Catechism at the Settlement as they were not attending a Catholic school.

"Clara's too young to be learning anything," the mother opined. "Still she may as well go along with the others." So Clara went along with the others and made the acquaintance of the Catechism lady. The latter was not quite so youthful and breezy as the visitor had been, but she was very kind and gentle.

She sought out Clara individually, which was a great thrill, and asked her the question:

"Who made you?"

Clara considered. Then came the disconcerting answer.

"Daddy and Mum. They made me between 'em. I've got my mum's brown eyes and my daddy's carrotty hair."

THE Catechism lady was taken aback. She had not as yet faced paganism at such close quarters. Moreover theology, not biology, was her job. "That's not the right answer," she said, "God made you to be a good girl here and then be happy with Him forever in Heaven."

Clara was only mildly interested. "He made eleven of us," she said. "Teacher told Tommy that He ought to have stopped after Sally."

The Catechism lady frowned. "God made eleven of you to be happy with Him in Heaven," she said. "He made you all."

Clara sighed. It was the same collective business. She upheld her thesis somewhat defiantly. "They said it was Mum and Daddy's fault when I was born," she said. "I heard them." The little pitcher's long ears protruded from under her untidy hair. They seemed to be proud of fulfilling their function so efficiently.

Miss Price-Dalrymple was embarrassed. These dreadful modern chil-

dren! She decided on a definite change of subject.

"Have you ever heard about your Angel Guardian?" she asked the child. It was a real master stroke. The little pitcher became interested at once in Angel Guardians. "You know, you have an Angel Guardian all to yourself," the teacher continued.

Clara's attention had been definitely arrested. She eyed the other with widened eyes. "An angel all to myself," she repeated. Then she shook her red head, with a sigh. "I 'specks he's the angel what belonged to my sister wot died," she said. "Dead little girls don't have guardian angels, do they?"

Miss Price-Dalrymple was of an opinion that dead little girls who had gone to Heaven did not need guardian angels. Clara received the information gloomily. "I'll bet," she said, "that it's her Angel Guardian that I've got. There would not be a new one for me, all to myself."

"But," the teacher remonstrated, "wouldn't it be lovely for you to have your little dead sister's Angel Guardian?—to share him with her?"

But Clara's interest in Angel Guardians had evaporated. It was the same old tale. She wiped away a tiny tear with the sleeve of Jessie's frock-with-the-hem-turned-up. The Catechism lady wondered what on earth was the matter with the child; nor could she altogether be blamed.

As to Clara, she reverted to the former thesis. "I've got Dad's temper," she ruminated. "Mum says so."

On this occasion her teacher was inspired with a repartee.

"But your father kept his temper when you got yours," she reminded her.

"He didn't," the little pitcher answered. "He lost it when I was born. Mum told Mrs. Smith so. I heard her."

"The child is a freak," Miss Price-Dalrymple opined to herself. She wished now that she had attended the course on Child Psychology in the Church Hall. It might have helped her in dealing with the youngest of the long Pilson family.

Clara, however, on the whole proved herself an intelligent pupil.

She took her religious instruction eagerly and was avid for more. It interested her to know that she had a soul as well as a body, but at the same time she was puzzled. "You

have got to save your soul," her teacher told her, "by being good—not bad-tempered, and all that kind of thing."

Clara considered the proposition. "But if I've got a soul," she said, "then who's me that's got it?"

Her soul was doubtless another second-hand possession.

Miss Price-Dalrymple spoke about the youngest Pilson to Father Collins. "She's a queer little thing," she said. "I can't quite make her out."

"Poor kiddie," the young priest said. "Dr. Henson is always at me for not discouraging large families. All the Pilson family are more or less unsound, although only two have actually died. I don't imagine that this scrap will live to grow up. One can understand Dr. Henson thinking that it is a pity that she came into being."

He sighed. The mysterious ways of Providence were apt to bear heavily on his soul. There had been a man in to see him just now who was doing himself to death with drugs. A man who was sick and tired of himself. Ill-health had driven him to the drug slavery and now the urge was on him to end his own life. Poor handicapped human soul, enslaved by the part of the human being which is doomed to corruption.

"I am afraid poor Father Collins is being overworked," kind Miss Price-Dalrymple said to herself. "I wish that clever Dr. Henson could give him a good tonic."

Dr. Paul Henson was an uncommon type for the district in which he practiced. He was a man who possessed a capacity for being interested in a number of things besides medicine. He even dabbled in theology, so it was said. He was popular with the poor people as well as with the educated class.

One evening Mrs. Pilson noticed that Clara had been coughing rather more than usual. "Run over to Dr. Henson," she told the child, "and ask him to give you a bottle of medicine. That cough of yours will be keeping the others awake." The doctor's office was only round the corner. Clara could quite well go by herself. The doctor knew her well. He had brought her into the world as he had most of the others.

"There may be others waiting," the mother said, "but don't come away until you've seen Doctor."

Thus admonished, Clara made her way round to the doctor's office.

There were several patients assembled there, waiting their turn. The little pitcher took her seat in a corner and took stock of them. Ever and anon an inner door opened and somebody emerged to make way for the next patient. They were all folk of the working class type, with one exception. The exception attracted the little pitcher's attention straightaway. He was different from the others. His appearance was anything but smart; yet he was not like the other shabby folk. Clara did not hesitate to call him a gentleman in her mental summing up of the patient who looked as though he had put his clothes on anyhow.

His turn was due, but when the next patient reappeared from the consulting room he made no effort to take it. Someone else was more than ready to do so. The same thing happened two or three times. It made it awkward for Clara for her turn was definitely after the gentleman's—she could not go in ahead of



There rose before him the vision of a little girl with a crooked fringe of red hair

him. Still she was interested to sit there and watch the gentleman in question.

He looked terribly ill. His face was as white as the bandage on the brow of the lady sitting next to her who had been recounting to a sympathetic listener details of how it

had happened. Clara felt far sorer for the poor gentleman. His hands kept shaking, and he looked so utterly miserable.

Perhaps he was very ill indeed and afraid that he was going to die. She sat there quietly in her corner until there was no one left to go in and see the doctor except the gentleman and herself.

At last he seemed to have made up his mind to face the inner room. He did not suggest that Clara should go before him, as he had done with the others. Indeed he did not so much as glance in her direction. It was easy to overlook the little pitcher in the corner where she had huddled herself.

Dr. Henson looked up in some surprise at the newcomer. "Why, it's Rivington," he cried. He got out of his seat and offered his hand. To see an old college mate in place of an ordinary patient was an agreeable variation of the normal thing.

"I waited until your other patients had gone," the man addressed as Rivington said. "I'm not sure that I want to consult you professionally. I'm quite aware of what is the matter with me. He named a complaint and then shrugged his shoulders. "It's driven me to drugs," he said. "What I actually wanted to ask you is what you think about the habit of taking —" he named a drug at the mention of which the doctor's expression became grave and rather grim.

"You used to be a bit of a psychologist as well as a medicine man," he explained.

Outside in the waiting room the last and the least of the doctor's patients sat watching the door through which the gentleman would reappear. It was ajar. A low murmur of voices came through it. The little pitcher pricked her ears. She was not of the breed that learns from infancy that eavesdropping is a thing not done. She wondered what the doctor might be saying to the poor gentleman who was evidently so very unhappy as well as ill.

At one period the voices grew louder. The little pitcher's long ears caught the words that the doctor was saying.

"You must understand that by taking this drug you are destroying your soul as well as your body."

"My soul?" the other voice repeated. "What exactly is my soul?"

The listener became interested. It was precisely what she wanted to know herself. She shuffled along the waiting-room bench so as to be as near as possible to the unclosed door that was giving away the secrets of the consulting room.

Dr. Paul Henson rather enjoyed a question of the kind. He was not a Catholic but the theologians and their views interested him. The two were seated at their ease and the doctor had offered his patient a cigarette. After all, they had known one another a long time and the relations between them were not altogether professional. Anyway, Dr. Henson was more than a doctor to those who sought his advice. On occasion he could be friendly adviser and even a sort of spiritual father. In the present case he was quite ready to help.

"The soul," he said, "according to the theologians, is in every case the direct creation of God. A rather remarkable exception to the law of generation. God does not go in for separate creations in the physical order. My body derives from my father and mother, but my soul is a new creation of God; that's the theology of it."

"And He elects to enslave it in a body that has had its teeth set on edge by the sins of its forebears," the other retorted. There was immense bitterness in his tone.

"The answer to that would be," the doctor replied, "that the will is a power of the soul."

The man opposite him shrugged his shoulders.

"But the body can break down the power of the will," he objected. "At any rate my body can. It has been very decent of you, Henson, to bear with an unprofessional patient. I'm afraid I'm past taking your advice about the bad habit. My soul will have to face the racket along with my body, although you maintain that it came into being without the assistance of my father and mother."

"I merely quoted the theologians," Dr. Henson said. "I see enough of miserable specimens of humanity to appreciate your point."

It was at that moment that there came a sound from the outer room. It was a cough, or rather a violent fit of coughing.

"There must be another patient waiting," the doctor said.

"I quite thought that I was the last. I hope it isn't the poor little kid who was sitting in the corner. She ought to have come in before me." Hugh Rivington was plainly perturbed.

The doctor opened the door and peeped out. He called to somebody and there appeared on the scene that negligible scrap of humanity—the youngest of the Pilson family.

"Why, you're the last on the list," Dr. Henson said. "It's very late for you to be out. Don't you think you had better get home now and come to me in the morning?"

But the little pitcher stood her ground firmly. She was looking anything but dejected in spite of her long wait.

"Well, what's exactly the matter?" the doctor asked.

"It's not the matter," Clara replied. "But, oh, please, did God make my soul all by itself, too?"

Dr. Henson glanced with raised eyebrows at his other patient. The eavesdropper was perfectly frank about it, anyway. He felt that a definite answer was expected.

"Why, yes," he said.

Clara received the assurance in a kind of quiet ecstasy.

"And my soul is *me*," she said.

DR. HENSON watched her as she stood there. Another fit of coughing had encroached on the ecstasy. A frail scrap of humanity. He remembered warning her mother about adding to her long family. That had amounted to admonishing the Creator not to add to His creation in that covenanted act in which God keeps faith with Adam's offspring and gives to every generated member of the human race an immortal soul. Paul Henson was surveying a familiar problem from a new point of view.

The little pitcher had scampered off.

There might not be a herring left for her delayed supper. The bottle which she had brought with her was still empty; but there was a thrill in the marrow of her being. She had not in the least understood most of what she had overheard, but she had understood when the doctor had said that God made souls just by themselves and that they had nothing to do with anybody else. God had made her like that.

She lay in her bed which she

shared with Jessie and the one-armed doll. "I know what my soul is," she repeated to herself, "it's *me*."

* * *

Hugh Rivington returned to his room.

He had had a home once upon a time, and a wife. The latter had left him. There had been nerve-shattering experiences in the 1914 war; and then a breakdown of health. He had one refuge from pain and devastating depression—the drug. It had destroyed his manhood. It had done the same with his father. The craving was in his blood. How could a man fight against heredity? What pitiful things human beings were. The assorted group of patients in the doctor's office had revealed that.

And yet the most pitiful specimen of all, the little kiddie with a churchyard cough who had been kept waiting, had possessed rather a fine spirit in her rotten little body. It was conceivable that it might have been a pity if her mother had never introduced that quaint personality into the world, even if it were only for a few years.

"That poor gentleman," Clara was whispering to her rag doll at that precise moment. "God made his soul too, all by itself, and he didn't seem to know it. I hope God will let him know it."

Hugh Rivington sat down by the fire. He stared for a long while into the flames.

The dark mood was upon him. He was rotten through and through. Life had been too much for him. His hand crept toward his breast pocket. He had replenished his stock of the baleful drug that very afternoon. A sufficient quantity of it could remove him forever from the circumstances that had crushed him in their grip.

He rose to his feet, still grasping the packet in his hand.

There rose before him the vision of a little girl with a crooked fringe of red hair and courageous brown eyes.

The will is a power of the soul, he had been reminded of that. He held the packet poised over the fire. There was a tense moment. Then his hand opened and the packet dropped into the flames.

"My soul is *me*," Hugh Rivington said.

The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

God Will Not Abolish Hell: Convert Made Pope

(1) What do you think of those who say, "as God has the privilege of changing His mind," He can abolish Hell after the end of the world and forgive those who are there; that Hell at present under that possibility, though repugnant to many, is a splendid stabilizer in that the fear of it prevents many from committing mortal sin? (2) Could a convert be elected Pope?

(1) God never changes His will, but He may will a change, which is a very different thing. But He will never abolish Hell. You have His own word for that. Christ solemnly declared that after the last judgment the good will go into everlasting life and the wicked into everlasting punishment (Matt. 25:46). To hope that God will abolish Hell at some future time is to impugn the truthfulness of Christ and to do the soul a mortal injury. If belief in everlasting punishment does not stop many believers from committing sin, what do you think would be the effect if they believed that Hell would not last forever? This is one of Satan's lies, which he would love to see propagated. Those who propagate it help him do his evil work.

(2) Yes, provided he has the requisite qualifications. The first pope was a convert.

Death of Pope and Cardinals: Dying Irish

(1) If through pestilence the Pope and all the Cardinals died, which ecclesiastical authorities would have the power to elect a pope and from whom would he be elected? (2) A priest said lately that the Irish here are dying out. As 90 per cent of the Irish here are intensely Roman Catholic this is a very vital matter to the Catholic world. Do you happen to know the reason for this?—LOS ANGELES, CAL.

(1) We are not aware of any specific legislation about such a remote possibility, but we think that the election of a new pope would devolve on the college

of bishops throughout the world. Christ left no details about the succession to the papacy. The present arrangement was made by the Church herself. Any baptized male Catholic in good standing, with the ability to carry on the work of the papacy would be eligible.

(2) We have no statistical information about this matter, but we know that marriage is the normal way in which the race is propagated. If the Irish Catholics are dwindling here, it must be due to failure to marry and raise children.

Private Mass for Suicide

When the Church refuses to bury a suicide, she evidently believes beyond reasonable doubt that the person sinned mortally and is outside the Church and in Hell. If she does not believe this, she would be bound to give the suicide the benefit of the doubt and bury him with the rites of the Church. Yet the Church permits Masses to be said for the soul of a suicide who was denied the Church's rites. How can these two positions be reconciled?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Canon 1240 of the Code of Canon Law deprives of ecclesiastical burial several classes of persons, unless they give some signs of repentance before their deaths. Among them are those who kill themselves *deliberate consilio*, with deliberate intent, which implies that they were conscious of what they were doing and hence died in the act of committing grievous sin. The burial of such a one with the public rites of the Church would be both unreasonable and scandalous. In a case of doubt, however, the same canon says that they should be given Christian burial, but in such a way that scandal is removed. The Ordinary is to be consulted in this matter.

Even when the faithful are denied Christian burial, it is permitted to offer Masses *privately* for them because of the Church's maternal solicitude for their eternal welfare. She entertains the hope, even when based on the slenderest grounds, that the soul may

possibly have repented in the last moment and hence be capable of receiving spiritual succor. But the offering of Mass for them must be kept secret, so as not to cause scandal among the faithful.

Major Bowes

May I ask you to settle a discussion as to whether Major Bowes, director of the Major Bowes radio hour on Sunday morning, is a Catholic or not? Some of us believe he is because his thoughts and actions (such as having his yacht blessed) seem to indicate that he is. His poetry on the Capitol program mostly pertains to God in a Catholic sense.—LONG IS. CITY, N. Y.

Major Edward Bowes is listed in *The American Catholic Who's Who*. He is also a member of the Knights of Columbus, according to this source.

Stalin and Hitler

A Catholic told me that Stalin and Hitler are Catholics; Stalin a Greek Orthodox Catholic and a former seminarian; Hitler a baptized Catholic. I asked for the authority for this statement and was referred to The Sign-Post.—BALTIMORE, MD.

Stalin, whose correct name is Yossif Vissarionovich Djughashvili, was for a time in a seminary of the Russian Orthodox Church; Adolf Hitler is a baptized Roman Catholic. Stalin was dismissed from the seminary for a reason not definitely known, but it is thought to have been revolutionary activity. Neither Stalin nor Hitler exhibit any trace of Christian sentiment. "Greek Orthodox Catholic" is a misnomer. When the term Orthodox is used, it describes a schismatic church. Catholic and Orthodox in ecclesiastical usage are contradictory terms. The Churches of the East that are united with Rome are called Uniat. The Sign-Post never said that Stalin is a Greek Orthodox Catholic.

Passionist Convents in U. S.

Please give me the addresses of Passionist convents, both cloistered and non-cloistered. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

If you refer to the female Passionist sisterhoods, there are two convents of the cloistered, contemplative, Sisters (Daughters of the Cross and Passion) in the United States: Our Lady of Sorrows Convent, 2715 Churchview Avenue, Carrick, Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Saint Gabriel's Convent, 1560 Munroe Avenue, Scranton, Pa. There is another community, called Sisters of the Cross and Passion, which is engaged in active works. These Sisters are in charge of the Assumption School, 530 Dexter Street, Providence, R. I. The novitiate of the latter community is Mount Saint Joseph, Bristol, R. I. Both sisterhoods are desirous of receiving good recruits, especially the teaching Sisters.

Many Indulgences on One Day

Can more than one plenary indulgence be gained on every day of the year? If so, is there any reference book or calendar which indicates on which days a

plenary indulgence may be gained by those who receive Holy Communion and simply recite the usual prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father? If we were notified of these opportunities in time to gain these great benefits so easily, would not fewer of them be wasted?—NEW YORK.

The faithful who make with a contrite heart the pious exercise of the Way of the Cross, legitimately erected, either singly or in a group, may gain a plenary indulgence *toties quoties*, that is, as often as the exercise is performed. Another plenary indulgence may be gained if on the same day the Way of the Cross is performed Holy Communion is received. (*Preces et Pia Opera*, No 164). We do not know of any calendar listing all the plenary indulgences which may be gained on any day.

It is well to be reminded that the latest authentic list of indulgences granted to the faithful in general by the Holy See, for the gaining of which no specially blessed article of devotion, nor the visitation of any determined place, nor membership in any pious sodality is required, is *Preces et Pia Opera*, published by The Vatican Press in 1938. An authorized English translation of this book is being prepared. A list of indulgences granted to individual societies, as the League of the Sacred Heart, the Rosary Society, etc., may be obtained from the headquarters of each society.

Religious Statistics: Public Aid to Birth Control

(1) What is the Christian population of the United States and of the world? (2) Numerically, which is the largest Episcopal Diocese in the United States? (3) Which was the first State in the Union officially to give financial aid to "birth control" clinics? (4) Which State is least Catholic?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) The number of Christians of thirteen years and over who belong to the various Christian bodies in the United States is 64,924,000 based on the national census of 1926, according to *The National Catholic Almanac*. *The Christian Herald* (Protestant) holds that there were only 51,035,000 Christians of thirteen years and over in June 1936.

The Christian world population, according to the *World Almanac* for 1940, is 682,400,000. Father Krose, S. J., in his *Kirchliches Handbuch* (1939) estimates that there are 770,798,000 Christians in the world.

(2) Numerically, the Diocese of New York has the largest number of baptized Protestant Episcopalians—143,063. Rhode Island has the largest number of Episcopalians *pro rata* of the total population of the State.

(3) North Carolina is the first of the forty-eight States to promote "birth control" officially. The experimental program was financed by Dr. Clarence J. Gamble, an heir of the Proctor and Gamble soap fortune. In one county the contraceptive clinic has the financial support of the Federal Government. In North Carolina "federal, state, county, city, and private funds are all working together." (*Birth Control: The Case for the State*, *The Atlantic*, Oct. 1939).

(4) The State of North Carolina has the least number of Catholics of any of the States. In the Diocese of Raleigh and Belmont Abbey there are 9,970 Catholics, in a population of 3,170,000, or one Catholic to every 3,000. (*Official Catholic Directory 1940; World Almanac 1940*).

Saint Roland

Please tell me something about Saint Roland.—BELMONT, MASS.

There is a great deal of obscurity about little-known saints, of whom Saint Roland is one. Father Weidenhan's *Baptismal Names* lists a Saint Roland who was an abbot of Chezery in the 5th century, feast day July 15th; and a Saint Rolland, Abbot of Hasnon, for May 24th. The date of the latter's death is not given, and the country where they lived is omitted in both notations. Edward F. Smith's *Baptismal and Confirmation Names* lists a Saint Roland, a martyr of the eighth century, who fell in battle against the Saracens. His feast day is June 16th.

Offering of Precious Blood: Chaplet of Five Wounds

(1) *Has there been any change in the manner of offering the Precious Blood since the new list of indulgences was published? (2) Has the devotion of the Five Wound Rosary been condemned?*—BOSTON, MASS.

(1) There is a change in the manner of offering of the Precious Blood. The old form was, "Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ in satisfaction for my sins and for the wants of Holy Church," to which an indulgence of 100 days was attached. (*Raccolta*, n. 146, 10th ed.). The offering given in the latest authentic list of indulgences, *Preces et Pia Opera*, n. 188, is in the Italian language and is translated as follows: "Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ in satisfaction for my sins, in behalf of the holy souls in Purgatory, and for the wants of Holy Church." To this offering there is now attached an indulgence of 500 days, *toties quoties*, and a plenary indulgence under the usual conditions, provided the offering has been made daily for one month.

(2) On December 12, 1939, the Holy Office condemned the Rosary of the Holy Wounds or Chaplet of Mercy, which was based on the revelations and promise claimed to have been given to the Visitan-dine Sister Mary Martha Chambon, who died on March 21, 1907. This decree in no way condemns devotion to the Holy Wounds, nor does it condemn the Chaplet of the Five Wounds, the latter promoted by the Passionists. This latter chaplet has been repeatedly approved by the Sovereign Pontiffs, namely, Pius VII on January 22, 1822, by Leo XII, December 20, 1823, by Pius IX, August 11, 1851, and lastly by Pius X, May 18, 1907. In order to gain the indulgences attached to the Chaplet of the Five Wounds, it is necessary that it be blessed by a Passionist Father, or by some priest to whom the Father General has communicated the faculty. The Chaplet of the Five Wounds is a special arrangement consisting of five sets of five

beads, joined by a medal representing one of the Five Wounds. A *Gloria Patri* is said on each bead in memory of the Five Wounds and at the end of each set a Hail Mary is said in honor of Our Lady's Sorrows. The so-called Chaplet of Mercy consisted of ejaculations that could be said on an ordinary five-decade rosary. The condemnation noted above forbids the propagation of the Chaplet of Mercy among the faithful in general.

Benedict XIV and Jews: Condemnation of "Friends of Israel"

(1) *Did Pope Benedict XIV publish a letter from Castel Gandolfo in 1751, which can be called "anti-Semitic?" (2) What is the exact reason why the Holy Office banned the Friends of Israel?*—NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) Pope Benedict XIV on June 14, 1751, issued a letter, *A Quo Primum*, to the bishops of Poland from Castel Gandolfo, in which he complained that the rapid increase of Jews in many places in Poland had left them almost without Christians, and he condemned their excessive influence over the people through the control of property and trade and usurious money-lending. While deprecating the use of unjust measures to correct these evils in a Catholic country, he prescribed the remedies demanded by the gravity of the situation. He could not as the Father of the Faithful allow a Christian country to come under the domination of an alien and anti-Christian people, as the Jews showed themselves at that time. This is not "anti-Semitism," except in the eyes of those who hold as a kind of first principle that under no circumstances may Jews be criticized. The letter may be found in *Omni Opera Benedicti XIV*, tome 17, part I, pp. 297-298.

(2) The Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office on March 28, 1928, issued a decree abolishing the association known as the "Friends of Israel" and the pamphlet entitled *Pax Super Israel*. The association had been formed for the laudable purpose of exhorting the faithful to pray for the conversion of the Jews to the Kingdom of Christ. Though many priests and even some bishops and cardinals gave their adhesion to this association, the Holy Office condemned and completely suppressed it because of "its mode of acting and speaking which is out of harmony with the traditional sense of the Church, the mind of the Fathers, and even the Sacred Liturgy itself."

"The decree is an authoritative reassertion of the traditional attitude of the Church toward the Jewish people. The Church desires sincerely the conversion of the Jews to the true faith, but she cannot compromise with them any more than she can with the Modernists or even the so-called Anglo-Catholics. Hence, in the present decree the Holy See takes prudent measures against Jewish infiltrations into the Church, which was being attempted through the medium of the condemned association and pamphlet. On the other hand, she also reprobates as contrary to the Christian spirit and teaching anti-Semitism, properly so-called, just as she reprobates anti-Germanism or any other anti-ism that would imply 'racial or national hatred.'" (*Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement*, Cahill, pp. 74-76, 151).

Easter Water and Holy Water

What is the difference between Easter water and holy water, if they can be used interchangeably? I have always been taught that Easter water was specially blessed to be used in the home at Easter time and then destroyed. Recently I heard that they are the same thing and either can be used for sick calls.—WHITE HAVEN, PA.

Easter water is water drawn from the baptismal font or from an adjacent vessel when the solemn blessing of the baptismal font on Holy Saturday has been partially performed, that is, before the infusion of the holy oils. This water is to be used by the priest in sprinkling the faithful in church and in blessing the homes of parishioners. The faithful are also permitted to take this water to their homes and use it in their private devotions.

The Easter water is presumed to be the only holy water used in the Church from Holy Saturday until the Sunday after Easter. On the latter day the blessing of the ordinary holy water is to be resumed and henceforth this latter water is to be used exclusively. Since the devotion of the faithful ought to correspond with the liturgy of the Church, they should reverently dispose of any Easter water remaining after the Sunday after Easter and resume the use of water blessed with the ordinary formula. However, since Easter water has been given a blessing called constitutive, that is, one that makes a thing sacred, Easter water is still blessed and may be used with devotion. There is no prohibition of the Church to discontinue the use of it, but it is more in conformity with ecclesiastical usage to dispose of it on the conclusion of the Easter octave.

Design in Universe

Can you give me some proof that the universe is run by more than just mechanical forces; that the forces behind the universe possess intellect and will? For instance, can you show why it is more reasonable to think that the expansion and contraction of the polar ice caps are part of a divine plan, rather than the result of the workings of mechanical forces, unguided by an intellect and will? Moreover, nature is prodigiously prodigal in many respects, marring the theory that the universe is run according to an efficient plan. One instance is a fish laying millions of eggs in order that a few hundred may survive.—NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is surely unreasonable to suppose that mechanical forces explain themselves, that they just happened without a cause. To hold that they explain themselves in the workings of what we call nature is like explaining the efficiency of an automobile by saying that it is gasoline that makes it go. How is gasoline able to do it? Did it just happen or is it the result of design?

So with all nature. The fact that nature works in a uniform, orderly way indicates to the reasonable man that it must be the result of design. Since a design cannot exist without a designer, it follows that the designer of nature is God.

Instead of ranging to the polar ice caps, come nearer home and consider the human eye. The more it is studied, the more marvelous it becomes because of its

adaptation of means to end. Is the human eye the result of chance, the blind reaction of mechanical forces? Absurd! The eye and everything else in nature proclaim an intelligent Designer and the order in the universe indicates that it is governed by the Providence of God. When the mind, unfettered by prejudice, penetrates beyond appearances in nature, it is forced to conclude that an intelligent Creator governs all things, even the most minute. Lord Bacon declared, "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind."

It is true that to our way of thinking there is a great wastage in nature, but it is not necessary according to God's plan that every seed bear fruit and every egg come to maturity, so long as the general end of creation is attained in the divine scheme of things. Professor J. Arthur Thompson wrote: "A cod has several millions of eggs; if these all developed into codlings and these into codfish, there would soon be no more fishing." Huxley calculated that if the descendants of a single green fly all survived and multiplied, they would at the end of summer weigh down the population of China. Nature in many instances is cruel only to be kind.

Men, also, act in this way. A grape grower, for instance, will destroy many branches of his vines by pruning, not to impede the general purpose of the vine, but to perfect it, so that it will grow more and better grapes. The great scientist, Faraday, said: "When I contemplate the innumerable united forces working in nature; when I reflect how quietly and silently they maintain their mutual equilibrium, so that the most antagonistic elements, in themselves strong enough to destroy completely the whole economy of nature, subsist peaceably side by side, and are made subservient to the needs of the animate creation; when I consider all this, I am more than ever convinced of the Almighty Ruler's wisdom, goodness, and greatness, which our language is powerless to express."

Index of Prohibited Books

Would it be possible to obtain a copy of the "Index Expurgatorius," or the Church's official list of prohibited books? One of our large publishing houses tells me that it is out of print. I cannot imagine that the Index is out of print, any more than the missal or breviary.

If the *Index of Prohibited Books* is not obtainable, it is probably due to the exhaustion of the present edition and not because it has been withdrawn from circulation. Our complete edition is of 1930 and was published by the Vatican Polyglot Press of Vatican City, from which all dealers receive their copies. Perhaps a new edition is held up with a view of bringing the Index up to date. The war situation may help to retard the circulation of a new edition. Incidentally, the correct title is *Index of Prohibited Books*, not *Index Expurgatorius*, and when available the book may be purchased by anyone.

THE SIGN can supply Father Bretten's pamphlet explaining the rules of the Index and giving a summary of the better-known authors and titles which are prohibited. (Ten cents, net, edition of 1935).

LETTERS

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

IN DEFENSE OF ITALIANS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is not so often that you write about Italy or things Italian in general, and the July issue of *THE SIGN* certainly went out of its way, as almost one-third of its contents were about Italy. On pages 709-710 you give your own interpretation of why Mussolini did wrong by entering the war—a very cynical and incorrect attempt to prove that he should not have done so. Next came the article "What of Spain?" by W. P. Carney. It was an illustration of the attitude in America that nothing good can come out of Italy or from the Italians.

To prove how good General Franco is, Mr. Carney has to condemn the part Mussolini and the Italian soldiers played during the recent Spanish civil war. He cites Mussolini's failure to obtain a military alliance (never asked for) and casts aspersions on the quality of the Italian soldier. Mr. Carney's opinion of Mussolini during the World War is a gem—"he did not accomplish much." Does Carney expect that Mussolini should have won the World War all by himself? Of course, "Italy's Challenge in Africa," by J. DeBlois is only speculative. As I write this, everybody knows that France is out of the picture.

The article "Two New Saints," by Gabriel Francis Powers, devoted to functions in the Vatican, is good reading material for a Catholic clientele and within the scope of a Catholic magazine, but being a Church function it should not be implied that it is Italian. It is only an "accident" that the Vatican is in Italy—or is it? Well, the Church is universal, and God grant more power to the unique Italians born "by accident" in Italy that they may have the wisdom and pertinacity always to conduct the affairs of the Church in a universal manner, which is more than those of any other national extraction have been able or willing to do when they had the chance.

In your editorial comment pertaining to Italy's entrance into the war, you too seem to follow the usual pattern followed day in and day out *ad infinitum*.

CORONA, NEW YORK.

F. JACOBELLIS.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is time to put a stop to the venomous articles against Italians. Radio announcers, editorials, etc., all breathe a detestable attitude toward one of the most splendid people that ever lived, and to whom we owe a great part of our civilization.

When I think that an Italian discovered this country, that Italians have contributed so much to it—men like Marconi (who invented the radio they use to insult his country); General Di Ceshola, head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for twenty-five years, who found that museum a weak little institution and left it at his death worth twenty million dollars; Judge Pecora, Fiorello La Guardia, and others—it incenses me to hear the conspiracy of spite constantly poured forth.

It appears that some of these people have gone so far as to demand that the priceless Italian exhibits at the World's Fair be sent back as a token of their spite.

All this has nothing to do with Mussolini dragging Italy into the war. It has been going on for years—and if it goes on much longer it may prove a boomerang and irritate into enmity Italians loyal to this country.

Incidentally, the Pope, whom they look to for peace and noble conduct, is an Italian!

RICHMOND, VA.

ADMIRING SUBSCRIBER.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It would have been easy for you to straddle the issue of Italy's entrance into the war on Hitler's side, but I was glad to see that you expressed yourself in no uncertain terms. Italy may realize some immediate gains, but in the long run she will suffer the same fate that Hitler has dealt out to the nations he has conquered. Mussolini is a great statesman, but perhaps it was too much to expect him to take a long-range view of his country's destiny or to be deterred from grasping the proffered spoils by any consideration of the Christian religion.

NEWARK, N. J.

JOSEPH R. O'BRIEN

MR. CARNEY ON SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on the sane, conservative, and reasoned exposition of Spain's present status as expounded by William Carney in his article "What of Spain?" in the July issue of *THE SIGN*. Mr. Carney made himself very unpopular among American reds and pinks by his startling disclosures in the *New York Times*, shortly after the outbreak of the civil war in Spain, of the extent to which Spanish Reds and Russian Bolsheviks had taken over the "legal and democratic government" of Spain. The outcome of events in that country has perfectly justified the attitude which he took at that time, and which he now expounds so brilliantly in the pages of *THE SIGN* in the light of present world conditions.

During the civil war in Spain the French Popular Front government poured munitions and supplies into the territory held by the Reds. When General Franco had finally conquered, and especially after the outbreak of the war with Germany, the French wondered why the Nationalists should treat them with coolness! During the civil war the English showed hostility to Franco, and even today many English newspapers ridicule and insult Franco and the Nationalists. At the same time they wonder why the Spaniards are not enthusiastic for their cause in the war with Germany!

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WILLIAM G. HILTON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Carney's discussion in your July issue of ex-Foreign Minister Del Vayo and his recent book on Spain's civil war was particularly timely, as the secular press welcomed this work and heaped unstinted praise on it and on its author.

I was not surprised to find this article in *THE SIGN*. It is in line with your policy of presenting the best in Catholic thought and literature. I can understand why a friend of mine said recently: "The intelligent Catholic reads *THE SIGN*."

CLEVELAND, OHIO

EDWARD P. KELLEY

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We have been subscribers to *THE SIGN* for several years. I always read with interest the editorials, Woman to Woman page, Stage and Screen Department—and an occasional article or story. My husband reads the magazine from cover to cover, including the Woman to Woman page! In my opinion, the contents of *THE SIGN* (with some exceptions, such as the excellent article by Helen Walker Homan in your July issue) have a decided appeal to the male reader and neglect the tastes and preferences of "the distaff side."

Women are interested in what is going on in the world today, but they are also interested in the practical problems of everyday living. I think that an occasional article or a department on subjects of particular interest to women, such as home management, home decoration, fashions, etc.,—together with an increase in fiction designed to suit the tastes of female readers—would make *THE SIGN* indispensable in American Catholic homes.

ALBANY, N. Y.

CATHOLIC HOUSEWIFE

WOMEN HAVE SOULS!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to express my surprise at Katherine Burton's strange statement in her column (July) that "men of the Church argued very seriously as to whether or not a woman had a soul." I am sure that nothing of the sort was the case. Father Conway, C.S.P., in the *Question Box*, page 14, refers to this error. Certainly "men of the Church" never doubted that Our Lady had a soul, nor did they doubt that the numerous women martyrs who died for the Faith in the early days of the Church had souls, nor had they at any time any doubt whatever as to women in general having souls.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MARY L. VON SZELISKA

CLEAR THINKING, UNBIASED OPINION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For some time I have intended writing you to express my admiration for your splendid publication. In these hours when clear thinking is at a premium and unbiased opinion is greeted with suspicion, very few of our magazines or newspapers provide the oasis of refreshing and unprejudiced thought we all need so badly. Cover to cover, *THE SIGN* is read avidly by our family, and we sincerely appreciate the fine work you are doing in

giving your readers not only their money's worth, but much more.

We have enjoyed in particular the article on books by Father Kennedy, the editorials, and the excellent comments on entertainment by Jerry Cotter. We agree especially with his opinion—expressed in his article in the July issue—that the movie industry should avoid any attempt to sway public opinion for or against any of the warring nations.

Your editorials are always inspiring. Please let us have one taking a definite stand against a third term in office for any President.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARY L. KOHLER

SAINT MORTIMER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the April issue of *THE SIGN* I read the heading "Mortimer Not a Saint's Name." Mortimer is a variation of Muredach, a bishop and confessor of the fifth century in Ireland. He was a disciple of Saint Patrick and the first bishop of the Diocese of Killala. The meaning of the word in Gaelic is "sea protector." It is pronounced "moor-dak." The feast is on August 12th. This is from *Baptismal and Confirmation Names*, by Edward F. Smith.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(REV.) R. RYAN

CATHOLIC IDEAL IN EDUCATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the June issue of *THE SIGN* there is an article—"Catholic Ideal in Education"—which appeals to me. I take this occasion to offer my compliments to the author, Edward A. Fitzpatrick.

It is my belief that this article should be placed in Catholic homes. With this thought in mind, I ask permission to reprint the article in the next issue of our Parish Calendar, wherein I would make due acknowledgement to your splendid magazine and to the author.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(REV.) L. A. MAHER

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

B.E.H., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.A.S., St. Louis, Mo.; M.M.M., South Dennis, N. J.; M.W.K., Lawrence, Mass.; J.P.M., Gardner, Mass.; D.M., Rahway, N.J.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

K.V.F., New York, N.Y.; E.P., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; M.M.M., Dayton, Ohio; P. O'T., West Winfield, N.Y.; A.B., Brooklyn, N.Y.; F.Z., Pittsburgh, Pa.; B.J.F., Watertown, Mass.; M.M., New York, N.Y.; F.L., Lincoln Place, Pa.; E.B., Dunkirk, N.Y.; Blessed Mother, L.S., Cleveland, Ohio; K.O'C., New York, N.Y.; F.Z., Pittsburgh, Pa.; A.A.N., Chicago, Ill.; M.M., New York, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.A.E., Louisville, Ky.; M.M.G., Newark, N.J.; A.E.M., New York, N.Y.; E.V.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.T.H., Utica, N.Y.; G.G., Yonkers, N.Y.; St. Gemma, M.E.W., North Bergen, N.J.; St. Thomas Aquinas, M.J.D., Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Anthony, St. Martha, M.M., New York, N.Y.; St. Joseph, E.B., Dunkirk, N.Y.; Kateri Tekakwitha, M.J.S., Latrobe, Pa.

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

Radium and War

• THE DANGERS of leaving radium around in time of war are emphasized by safety measures taken by the British. From the "New York Times Magazine":

Deep in a cave in the Derbyshire hills, British authorities have set up a radium laboratory. Here radium is safe against air raids, as are the other radium stores of Britain, which have been collected in little hordes, four of them in London, and buried in fifty-foot shafts. Radium scattered by a bomb might do more damage than the bomb itself.

Radium in dust or liquid form is kept in lead containers. If a bomb should smash open a container and scatter the radium, impregnating the ground and the debris, the entire neighborhood would become uninhabitable. A dust particle of one-hundredth of a milligram of radium, breathed in, would kill. Any living tissue coming in contact with the radium would suffer serious, probably fatal, burns, without any warning through the sense of heat. The area would become a plague spot until the radium lost its energy millenniums hence.

Radium is valuable stuff, although the discovery of new deposits in Central Africa and in the Great Bear Lake region in Canada has brought the price down. It still brings \$120 a milligram.

Radium has the knack of constantly being lost—and found again. The Geiger-Mueller counter, a machine that sends out ticking noises when it is near radium, is used in hunting down the stuff. It has located radium in hospital plumbing, in incinerator ashes, and in one case in a roadway where ashes from a hospital had been used as paving.

Sir Leonard Hill, director of research at the St. John Clinic and Institute of Physical Research in London, is of the opinion that, now that England has her radium nicely buried, she might just as well leave it buried. He says "modern X-ray methods can do all that radium does, and the dosage can be better controlled."

Mary Anderson

• SOME NOTES on *Madame de Navarro* (Mary Anderson), about whom an article appears elsewhere in this issue, are taken from Douglas Woodruff's "Talking at Random" in the "Tablet":

Madame de Navarro, when she died last week at her home in Worcestershire, had enjoyed for fifty full years the life she had chosen for herself. She liked to quote "*Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés*," (To live happily let us live hidden). The seclusion was rela-

tive, so strong and eager a personality could not live anywhere for half a century without being felt, but she was faithful to the decision she took before she was thirty, to leave the stage and live in and through private life and friends. Except on a few occasions for charity in the last war, she did not act after 1889. She made her choice, and she made it from a clear-eyed realization of the temptations, particularly to vanity, that beset a public career and are so rarely defeated. I suppose no actress ever attained so lasting a name with so small a repertoire, mostly from Shakespeare. She saw the stage, and particularly Shakespeare, as an art with a special power and duty of moral elevation; and what those who acclaimed her in the 'eighties felt was a goodness, a largeness of soul, through which she communicated a revived faith in mankind.

For her younger friends, she was a wonderful link with the great figures of the last century. She had a series of letters from General Sherman, for instance, which showed the Marcher through Georgia full of concern at the falseness and meretriciousness to which she was about to expose herself by going to act in London. She always gave Sherman a first place among the men she had known for a lofty force of character and the kind of distinction which made him the first man in any company.

She loved the theater not as a relaxation or as an a-moral art, but in the spirit of the medieval morality players, as a form of religious art, and this rare approach, as it also caused her to leave the stage early, made her a unique figure while she was there. It is affectation to grieve when a life so triumphantly lived comes to its full term, and today more than ever we cannot mourn the old who depart from our very troubled midst. She had had the happiness of seeing the victory of General Franco, for which as the wife of a Navarrese she had so ardently prayed, and she has been spared the storms and rage of the present war. She had been ill a long time, but her illness was but one more occasion, the last and the greatest, for the display of her superb spirits, and she died at eighty, retaining the freshness and bold beauty with which she had burst upon a grateful world in her teens.

Ugliest Man in England

• FROM "THE CROSS," publication of the Irish Passionists, we take the following:

"I particularly liked Capt. Altham's story of the two friends who many years ago whiled away the tedium of a railway journey by a discussion on possible candidates for the title of 'The Ugliest Man in England.' It was in the days when the division between railway compartments did not extend to the roof, but one of

the men did not trouble to lower his voice as he declared: 'Well, I'm positive there isn't an uglier man in England than the Bishop of Oxford.'

"Immediately a gargoyle-like visage appeared over the partition. 'You should see my brother,' it said. It was the then Bishop of Oxford."

Religion in Soviet Poland

• "THE IRISH CATHOLIC" of Dublin comments on an incident which strikingly reveals the faith of the Poles in Soviet Poland:

No more striking proof of the vitality of the Faith in Soviet Poland could be adduced than an incident that occurred in Lvov, as related by Paul Greve in an article contributed to the *Irish Independent*. "Only once did I see a priest in his robes in the street, and the effect he produced will always live in my memory. He was obviously going to visit a dying person, as he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, while a single small choir boy carried a Cross in front of him. In normal times he would have passed by almost unnoticed, but to the starved eyes of the people in the street the sight of the priest in his vestments, their black and mauve standing out against the white of a street deep in snow, was like a miracle. There was a movement among the people like a wave crossing the busy square. One by one they knelt and made the Sign of the Cross. Not one of them spoke, and the only sound was the low murmur of the praying priest and the crunch of his boots on the frozen snow. Not a single man or woman remained standing. Men and women of the cities and of the peasantry, Poles and Ukrainians alike. All for a few moments united by their common misfortune, they prayed for new hope."

Playgrounds for Grown-Ups

• IN HER LIVELY and interesting page in "Columbia" Josephine MacDonald strongly advocates playgrounds for adults:

Despite disturbing tendencies of our hair to grow thin and our hips to grow fat, most of us retain some secret, young desire to play. If we would, we could confess to desires quite out of keeping with the dignity we have painfully acquired with our years. I, for instance, still find myself wanting terribly to get down in spring mud and play marbles; and a merry-go-round at an amusement park has become a cruel sort of torture because I haven't the courage to make a fool of myself and get on alone.

Now, I understand, at least one kind genius has arranged for the indulgence of adults' inhibited desires to play. A playground for grown-ups has been put in at Jones Beach, Long Island. And although the merry-go-round and marble situation were not mentioned in Jane Cobb's item in the *New York Times Magazine*, even without them the playground sounds like an invitation in concrete to advance momentarily to second childhood or to relive a bit of one's first.

Stout business men mount stilts and teeter around admiring wives, like boy show-offs. Clubwomen scoot

around on kiddie cars. Middle-aged married folk see-saw up and down, each enjoying equally some fleeting moments of being in the ascendancy. Swings are propelled lustily by laughing women, while tricycles pedaled by bald men shoot in and out among the crowd.

Of course it's all terribly silly; but there is a tonic in silliness that most worried middle-agers need. To be children again, *sans* dignity and *sans* cares, is exhilarating beyond words.

I hope that the idea of playgrounds will spread to other amusement places—because we can't all go to Jones Beach. Still . . . if there are marble rings and merry-go-rounds in that playground . . . let's see . . . how far is it to Jones Beach from here? . . .

Prayer to the Man of Sorrows

• BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS abound in the following verse by Allyn Storey, which appeared in a recent issue of the "New York Times":

Keep me from bitterness. It is so easy

To nurse sharp, bitter thoughts each dull dark hour.

Against self-pity, Man of Sorrows, defend me

With Thy deep sweetness and Thy gentle power.

And out of all the hurt of pain and heartbreak

Help me to harvest a new sympathy

For suffering mankind, a wiser pity

For those who lift a heavier cross.

Glass Magic

• SOME OF THE wonders of glass—present and to come—are described by J. D. Ratcliff in the "American Mercury":

Corning's scientists have made glass magnificently versatile. They have fused combinations of sand, soda, lime, borax, lead, and other substances to produce over 25,000 variations of glass. They have made glass bolts and nuts, to be used where acids would eat iron. They have made dishes that will not break when filled with molten iron; drinking-glasses that bounce unharmed when dropped on tile floors. Corning has spun filaments so fine that a one-pound batch would stretch around the earth; and has poured the world's biggest chunk of glass—the twenty-ton, 200-inch reflector for the Mt. Palomar telescope. . . .

Amory Houghton, forty, great-grandson of the Corning founder, son of the former Ambassador to Great Britain, and present head of the business, feels that research should go at an ever-accelerating pace. He sees the glass researcher's skill utilized to build a shiny new world. He foresees houses built of glass bricks and partitioned with glass-bubble slabs which may be sawed and nailed; furnished with glass tables and chairs and draped with glass textiles; equipped with windows which permit light to enter but none to escape—thereby maintaining privacy in a sunlit room. He envisions automobiles insulated with glass wool, using glass spark plugs and running on roads paved with glass blocks; piping and plumbing fixtures made of glass; and a malleable glass which can be worked on machine-shop lathes.

Russell Clinic

• LUCIUS BEEBE of the "New York Herald-Tribune" relates an anecdote which shows how Lord Russell's ideas work out in practice. You may remember there was considerable discussion recently about Russell's principles and their influence on the young:

Apropos all the tohu-bohu about Bertrand Russell and City College, comes to hand from Roscoe Peacock, the demon correspondent of North Cohocton, the anecdote concerning the Russell's Beacon Hill School in Hampshire, about two hours' drive out of London. The design was to bring up children free from all restrictive inhibitions of any sort, and to this end they took in twenty or thirty tots, including their own son and daughter, who were to be allowed to do anything short of attacking each other with the fire tongs they might please. They were from two to thirteen in age, and were permitted to dress or go naked, eat, sleep, amuse themselves, when, where and, within reason, as they pleased. Unwarned of the precise nature of the institution, a friend of the Russells' dropped in one day. The door was opened by a girl of nine, quite, entirely and unabashedly nude. "My God!" exclaimed the startled caller. "There is no God!" proclaimed the young miss, and shut the door in his face.

Messages in Matches

• A UNIQUE METHOD of transmitting messages is related by Emanuel V. Voska in the "Saturday Evening Post," in an article on his experiences as a Captain in the Intelligence Service of the American Army during the World War:

When I was working in the United States against the Germans, sometimes I had to send a written message to our people in Bohemia. An expert Czech wood carver found a way. He would take a box of wooden safety matches, choose one with an especially good grain, split it and hollow out the halves. There is a kind of expensive Japanese tissue paper so thin that it makes the sheerest silk seem a felt mat in comparison. I would take a strip of this paper about eight inches long and less than an inch wide and, with the help of a magnifying glass, write on it in a minute hand. The wood carver would fold this so compactly that it fitted into the hollows and join up the two pieces so cleverly that the doctored match looked no different from fifty others in the box. In Switzerland we found and used another wood carver who could perform the same feat.

Russia: Yesterday and Today

• IN HIS "The Confessions of an Individualist" William Henry Chamberlin, who spent years in Soviet Russia as a correspondent, compares conditions there under the Czars and under the present rulers:

I doubt whether there was any country in Europe at any time during the nineteenth century where one could reasonably have said: "Civilization would be bet-

ter off if we could restore things precisely as they were ten or twenty or fifty years ago." How sadly different is the situation today! With full appreciation of the injustices and the decadent aspects of Czarism, I should have no hesitation in saying that one would have found in the Russia of 1909 more humanity, more individual personality, more creative thought, less avoidable suffering, less degraded living conditions than one would find in the Russia of 1939.

There was a nation-wide movement of protest before the war when an obscure Jew named Beilis was accused of committing ritual murder. (Incidentally, Beilis was acquitted.) There was not, there could not be a murmur of audible protest when large numbers of individuals, including some of the most famous leaders of the early period of the Revolution, were tried and put to death on accusations that were just as obviously absurd and fraudulent as the ritual murder indictment against Beilis.

If it lay within my power and I were given the alternative between an integral restoration of Czarism, down to the last brass button on the uniform of the adjutant of His Imperial Majesty and the maintenance of Stalin's despotism, I would unhesitatingly choose the former alternative. Prewar Russia had its limited share in the civilization of Europe. Stalinite Russia, looming up so ominously as the possible winner of the present war, is unadulterated, dark, barbarous Asia.

A Man We'd Like

• IN "POST SCRIPTS" in the "Saturday Evening Post" Parke Cummings gives us the following "Portrait of a Guy We Think We'd Like":

He liked the first olive he ate, but he can't stand the darn things now. His theory about swimming is that the water isn't so bad from the beach, but that it's terrible when you get in. At bridge, he says, he always holds good cards, but his trouble is that he doesn't know how to bid 'em and play 'em. As for New York, he thinks it's a grand place to live, but he hates to visit it. In the summertime, he doesn't mind the humidity, but it's the heat that gets him.

The other day, driving a car, he was held up for some time by a motorist who wove from one side of the road to the other, uncertain what to do. When he finally observed that the motorist was a woman, he remarked: "That's queer, because statistics show that the modern woman driver is usually superior to the average man." His theory on college education is a little radical, but I find it interesting. He maintains that it isn't the friends you make in college that count; it's what you learn . . .

He says he'd just love to see some of these modern fighters tangle up with the old-timers; it would be sure death—for the old timers.

He only gets a chance to play golf on week ends in the summer, and on encountering an old friend who plays five times a week throughout the entire year and is a national championship contender, he remarked: "If I got a chance to play as often as you do, I'd still be just as punk as I am; I just haven't got talent for this game." And with new purchases, it isn't the upkeep that worries him; it's the initial cost.



BOOKS



Margaret Fuller, Whetstone of Genius

By MASON WADE

In this remarkable biography Mason Wade has resurrected from an undeserved obscurity one of the most famous American women of the nineteenth century. Margaret Fuller is a name little known today except to scholars and historians, and yet she cut a wide swath across the intellectual world of her day. Her accomplishments are evidenced by the fact that she moved freely among such literary bigwigs as Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Horace Greeley, and Carlyle.

The author scrutinizes her character minutely. Reared by an indulgent but exacting father as if she were a boy, she began a maladjusted social life which begot in her a wild variety of emotional conflicts. Throughout her life her soul craved for spiritual anchorage. Orestes Brownson noticed that she was "ill at ease," that she was "a gifted woman in an age of infidelity" and advised her to join the Catholic Church as he had done, in order to find that rest after which she yearned. Late in life, in Italy, she married an Italian marchese, but she never entered the Church.

This is an extraordinarily good biography. The author has succeeded in re-establishing Margaret Fuller's rightful status as one of the foremost women of the early nineteenth century.

The Viking Press, New York. \$3.50.

Your Catholic Language

By MARY PERKINS

The newness of this work consists not merely in the fact that it is lately off the press but in the novel way in which it presents a comparatively novel subject.

Its purpose is to familiarize Catholics with the Latin of the Liturgy. To this end the entire Or-

dinary of the Mass, together with the Proper of the Advent Mass of the Blessed Virgin are given, a few lines at a time, with inter-linear literal translations, on the left-hand pages. On the opposite pages, grammatical rules deduced from the passage given are set down simply, and a few at a time. Only such rules are given as in the opinion of the author will enable the student to attain a reading knowledge of liturgical Latin.

The reviewer, a former professor of Latin, has long been convinced that "Latin-made-easy" methods do not work. But the generally excellent treatment of etymology and word formation (especially the formation of the verb) in *Your Catholic Language* speaks volumes for the training of the author. And since liturgical Latin has not thus far been presented in the present dress, we would like to see *Your Catholic Language* made the subject of discussion in some of our summer school seminars, or perhaps tried (within the scope of the author's intention) in an experimental school. Every lover of the liturgy and every lover of Latin would be interested in the outcome.

Minor typographical errors are in evidence, but on the whole the format is good. The list of paradigms, a twenty-two page vocabulary, and a thorough index enhance it greatly.

Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.00.

I Married Adventure

By OSA JOHNSON

Adventure is a stirring word. It quickens the pulse as it awakens interest and excitement in every young heart. This is the effect of Mrs. Johnson's narrative from the captivating title to the last tragic page. That word "adventure" conjures up imaginations of faraway lands across the seas, of strange places and stranger peoples. The Islands of the

Pacific, Borneo, New Hebrides, British East Africa, the Belgian Congo, are some of the little known areas recorded by the adventuresome picture-hunters, Martin and Osa Johnson.

The style is so simple and engaging as to create in the reader the illusion of actual experience as recalled in familiar conversation. A collection of fine pictures adds the touch of perfection by way of variety. Here is a story to be told and Osa Johnson tells it in a thoroughly delightful fashion.

Yet more than mere adventure, in this absorbing story the reader will not fail to admire and be won by the extravagance of a great devotion.

J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. \$3.50.

Why Europe Fights

By WALTER MILLIS

In his book *Road to War*, Mr. Millis described the steps that led to American intervention in the World War. In his present work he presents an historical primer of the events that took place between the signing of the Armistice in 1918 and the renewal of hostilities in 1939. The work is not one of profound historical research but rather one of simple exposition. As the author states in the Foreword: "The purpose of this book is a very modest one. It offers no contribution to history. Utilizing the material readily available on any good reference shelf, it attempts nothing more than a simple, but factually accurate, interpretation of the broad complex of forces and events which led, within twenty-one years from the end of the last great war in Europe, to the outbreak of another."

From the vantage point of the year 1940 the author looks back over the past 21 years and seeks the reason for the breakdown of the efforts made to build a new Europe in which nations would be peace-

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ful, friendly, and considerate of one another. The reasons are many and complicated, but the main reason, in the author's opinion, was the rise in Germany of an extreme, savage, and warlike government, resolved to break up by force the arrangements made at Versailles and incapable of proposing any other arrangement to which the other powers could safely agree.

Except for the section dealing with the civil war in Spain, of which the author has only a second-hand knowledge—and very little even of that—the book will be found to be a factual, unbiased, and readable account of recent European history.

William Morrow & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The Confessions of an Individualist

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

The present work is the autobiography of the well-known foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* and author of *The Russian Revolution 1917-1921* and of *Russia's Iron Age*. His account of his life derives its orientation and much of its interest from the author's passionate belief in individualism and hatred of collectivism in all its forms.

Mr. Chamberlin served as correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Moscow from 1922 to 1934. He went to Moscow believing that the Soviet system was the most hopeful answer to the problems for which post-war Europe and the world sought a solution. He left Russia "convinced that the absolutist Soviet State . . . is a power of darkness and of evil with few parallels in history." The story of his disenchantment makes absorbing and enlightening reading. His account of the man-made Russian famine of 1932-33 is a well-authenticated record of one of the blackest pages in human history.

After Moscow Mr. Chamberlin served as correspondent in Tokio and Paris. The outbreak of the European war found him in Paris. He believes that Britain and France made a fatal mistake in not giving Hitler a free hand in the East so that the two "brutalitarian" dictators could have fought it out there, leaving the West in peace. He is a pacifist—with some reservations—and an ardent advocate of American isolation. European civilization he

believes to be in an unmistakable process of deterioration and decay.

The reader may not agree with all the author's conclusions, but he will find the book stimulating and decidedly worthwhile reading.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.00.

Quietly My Captain Waits

By EVELYN EATON

It is a commonplace that literature which is not moral violates one of the primary laws of this art form. The rule is not that the writer must not broach the subject of sin—it is almost a component part of any realistic depiction of life—but that the author who condones sin and glorifies it in the moral of his tale, runs counter to the great law of "poetic justice" as outlined by Aristotle, and followed assiduously by the masters of writing—not to speak of the religious implications of pornographic copy.

In *Quietly My Captain Waits*, the author has shelved the barest notion of morality and has attempted to exalt adultery—in a euphemistic fashion. It is not that Miss Eaton should have avoided such a theme altogether, but that she should have tried to gloss over an unsavory situation. Perhaps she may escape censure on the score that the novel is historical and that Louise de Freneuse was just such a woman as depicted. But it is questionable how much good is produced by historical muckraking, while we may fairly compute its possible harm.

This volume had fair promise of being an exceptionally good novel. It reveals extensive historical research, and the narrative, while suffering from a certain lack of unity, is interestingly told. But the entire literary edifice is built on a muddy foundation and so the entire structure is vitiated.

Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

The Star of Satan

By GEORGES BERNANOS

This is not a new book, but a translation of the author's first novel which was published in France as *Under the Sun of Satan*. Coming as it does from the holder of the Grand Prix from the Academie Française for his *Diary of a Country Priest*, a book of like caliber was expected. Such sanguine hopes are very soon shattered.

The Star of Satan is a depressing mixture of realism and warped mysticism. The volume is divided into three books, the first of which serves as a prelude to the rest of the story and relates the sexual aberrations of one Mouchette in a style worthy of Zola himself. In Book Two, we meet Father Donissan, the possessor of a rather weird and almost Jansenistic type of piety and about whom the rest of the narrative is woven. As with most French novels, the writer dwells at length on the psychological actions and reactions of his characters, especially when describing Father Donissan's encounter with Satan and his efforts to free the unfortunate Mouchette from Satan's clutches. Two other strange figures are woven into the fabric of this story, supposedly clerical types, one of whom comes very close to violating the seal of the confessional, while the other feels that dogma can be adapted to the needs of exceptional souls. As a result, one feels not only depressed, but puzzled as well by these indirect thrusts from a Catholic author. Father Donissan becomes the novelist's Saint of Lumbres in Book Three. While this "saint" approaches a little nearer to reality in this section of the book, he still remains a rather depressing sort of saint.

To deny that the author writes well would be both futile and false. Many passages are exquisite gems of fine writing. Yet the book is most disappointing when judged as a whole.

In many places the translation is far from accurate. One of the things that puzzled this reviewer was how Pamela Morris extracted "What the hell!" out of such innocent expressions as "*Mon Dieu*" and "*Nom d'une pipe*."

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

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Down Jersey

By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

Dr. Weygandt tells us that some of his acquaintances lightly scoffed at him when he suggested to them that there is romance to be found "down Jersey." Those who know South Jersey can have only pity for the scoffers; those who don't, should read *Down Jersey*. The flavor of old Scandinavia, of the old Dutch countries, of Imperial England and Colonial America is caught and held like some richly spiced and ancient wine in the exquisite and gently stimulating pages of this fine book. The green and gray of summer, the brown and golden glory of autumn, the sighing of the pines, the odor of burning charcoal, the sharp tang of the sea, are in its pages. The sub-title sets the stage for vicarious adventure: "Folks and Their Jobs, Pine Barrens, Salt Marsh and Sea Islands." Nor do the excursions and meanderings with the author from the black soil farms on the Delaware with their brick manorial dwellings on through the bleak pine belt and along the "cripples" and "sponges" of the marshy country to the old-world towns of Toms River, Wading River, Forked River, Tuckerton, and Cape May Courthouse, sheltering behind the barrier islands, belie for one moment the promise of romance that title holds.

Dr. Weygandt being a Philadelphian of the Philadelphians, must surely have known old "Dooner's" in that city of gracious living. Our highest tribute to his book is to say that an habitué of "Dooner's" would have taken this sort of book to bed in high content.

D. Appleton-Century Company, New York. \$5.00.

The Successful Error

By RUDOLPH ALLERS

The error that achieved success, though a very shaky one, is psychoanalysis. First invented as a method of dealing with neurosis, it soon widened its scope. In a short time it endeavored to explain not only individual mental life, but also the totality of life, especially the evolution of culture, of religion, and of social phenomena. In the popular mind it is chiefly related to sexuality.

What should be thought of this method in the light of sound philos-

ophy, which examines all things? Professor Allers of the Psychology Department of the Catholic University gives an adverse verdict in this critique. It is guilty of many logical fallacies, especially *petitio principii*, its philosophy is utterly materialistic, and its moral outlook is purely hedonistic. Psychoanalysis misconstrues human nature and the operations of the human mind. The method is dangerous because the philosophy on which it is based is wrong.

But like every heresy, there is some truth in psychoanalysis; otherwise it would never have achieved the success it did. These truths, however, are buried under a mass of falsehood and bad practice. Sigmund Freud, the father of the system, "restored the knowledge of the leading role of the mind, the knowledge of the dominating place held by the soul in human nature." But this discovery was beyond Freud's intention. He was an unwitting instrument of the "rebirth of a truer conception of man's nature than he himself was ever capable of imagining."

The system which will be forever linked with the name of Freud is in itself and in its use by the inventor and his disciples "a thoroughly materialistic conception. It stands and falls with its materialism."

Professor Allers is well equipped to investigate this subject. He is always temperate and fair in his critique, sticking to the topic and not indulging in personalities. He has produced a valuable work of criticism.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00.

The All-American Front

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

With the fine comb of a reporter who has spent enough time on the scene and exercised enough patience to examine the various sides of the question, Mr. Aikman has studied the contemporary life of the Latin-American countries and presented a realistic appraisal of their attitudes toward the "Good Neighbor" on the North. Avoiding the wishful thinking and over-simplification that have characterized a good deal of thought in the United States on the subject, he examines the diverse mental attitudes that are to be found, as well as the economic, racial, and political

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factors that must be taken into account if the problems of mutual and common concern are to be worked out on a satisfactory basis.

The leading cause of bad blood toward Uncle Sam, he finds, is the fact that North American capital investments, protected by official pressure from Washington, have reduced various countries to the position of "semi-colonials." "Latin America," he says, "yearns for the development of her resources which can come about only through foreign investments, but is passionately unwilling to pay the price in the domination of her interests and economics which capital exacts when development occurs." The Fascist penetration menace, he points out, can best be viewed against the background of the economic struggle of Latin America to free itself from the dominance of foreign capital, with diplomacy as well as underground revolutionary movements playing between the heavily investing nations and the so-called "have not" powers.

Three alternative policies of the United States are listed; the "isolationist" view, leaving the Latin

Americans to stew in their own juices; the direct-action or "big stick" application of the Monroe Doctrine; and the "Good Neighbor" conception of Pan-American relationships. Friendly relationships are obviously the most desirable, but as the author shrewdly indicates, they are not achieved by new-era agreements or lyrical outbursts.

In certain respects of cultural understanding, and notably in appraising religious values, the book becomes rather thin and superficial; but by far and large it is warmly commended as a valuable contribution to the understanding of inter-American relationships.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.00

The Medical Career

By HARVEY CUSHING

For those who are interested in medical problems and medical history this book will be found to be most delightful.

It is written in a very understandable manner and shows the progress of medicine in the past century, the obstacles overcome, and the patient research necessary to bring it up to the present high standard.

The biographies are all very interesting and are not the usual dry data found in such works; they are intensely human. The author has made human beings out of these great pioneers. He does not hold them up as persons impossible of imitation, but shows that they can all be equalled by honest, sincere hard work.

This is a book which can be enjoyed by all and which at the same time contains an abundance of sound philosophy and knowledge.

Lide, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.50.

Prince of the House of David

Meditations on St. Joseph

By SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH OF CARONDELET

Progress in the spiritual life is aided powerfully by the example of those who have gone before us in the way of perfection, and the Providence of God has raised up for our inspiration a multitude of saints. In our changing needs we may turn to one who has endured trials similar to our own, or to another whose particular virtue attracts us most powerfully along the way of peace and holiness.

The life of St. Joseph, in so many

things a pattern of the life of the true religious, is a deep and abundant source of meditation. In this book there is an intimate understanding of the shining virtues of the beloved guardian of Jesus and Mary. It is a book of meditations that will enlighten and encourage many souls, especially those who appreciate the fact that Christ is the Head, we the members of His Mystical Body, and that we should desire, therefore, in all things to "grow up in Him who is the Head, even Christ." Ephes. IV, 15.

This is the second edition of this book of meditations. Although principally for religious, the laity can also profit much by using this book for meditative reading.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, New York. \$2.50

Brother Petroc's Return

A Play by EMMET LAVERY

The current popularity of the printed play should insure a wide reading audience for this skillful dramatization of the novel by S.M.C., an English nun.

When in 1549, the King's Army approached the Benedictine Abbey of St. Brioc in North Cornwall, the monks hastily buried young Brother Petroc who had just died, and then abandoned the monastery.

Four centuries later, during an alteration to the Abbey, the body is removed from the vault. The Benedictines in charge find that it is perfectly preserved. In fact, Petroc, no older in appearance than the 27 years he had been centuries before, is still alive. Nursed back to health, his story carefully guarded to save him from the probings of science and the curiosity of tourists, he takes his place in the life of the Abbey.

The first Petroc Trelant had been promised by Our Lady that there would be a priest in each generation of the family. Brother Petroc realizes that he has been kept alive in order to complete the cycle.

His attempts to reconcile his own concepts of Faith with those of a changed, modern world make for exceptionally fine religious drama. The conflict between the ideals of the Age of Faith and the ideas of the Age of Reason is counter-balanced by an underlying vein of humor and satire which will make the book welcome to reader and drama group alike.

Emmet Lavery has given the Catholic Theatre another fine play, a beautiful testimonial of a Faith transcending time and customs and the confinements of space.

Samuel French, New York. \$1.50.

Benjamin N. Cardozo

By GEORGE S. HELLMAN

The private life and public career of Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo can well be an inspiration to any American. As one of the most brilliant and impartial Judges who ever sat in the Supreme Court of the nation, the United States owes him a debt of honor and remembrance. For half a century all his great energies of mind and body were devoted exclusively and without stint to the country he loved so well.

But if his public career in the service of his country was spectacularly brilliant, his private life was just as strikingly modest and unassuming. This hidden life Mr. Hellman has laid bare for the first time with a delicacy and charm that provides interesting reading.

INDEX FOR THE SIGN

Orders may be placed now for the annual Index to Volume XIX (August, 1939—July, 1940) of THE SIGN.

Librarians, study club members, students, families, and individuals have requested this Index. It makes reference easy to this past year's 768 pages of information on current events, history, international affairs, literature, fiction, education, sociology and other subjects.

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Mr. Hellman is well qualified for the task. He is a member of a New York family intimately associated with the Cardozos for generations and therefore able to draw not only upon the usual biographical sources but also upon the experiences and recollections of Cardozo's relatives and closest friends as well as upon the inexhaustible spring of his own lifelong friendship with the Judge.

But charming and attractive as were the private character and public life of Justice Cardozo, it is sad to think that with all his splendid tal-

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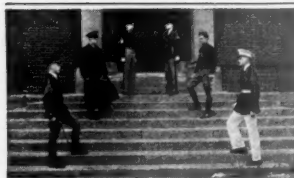
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ent and natural virtue, he apparently remained throughout his long life impervious to any touch of the supernatural. His motto was "Virtue is its own reward." He was an agnostic in religion and proclaimed himself as such. Mr. Hellman extols at length as the finest of all his speeches an address on "Values" delivered at the invitation of Dr. Stephen S. Wise to a graduation

class of young rabbis. It is pitiable in its blind gropings after some real standard by which to judge of human life and achievement.

Whittlesey House, New York. \$3.50.

The Living Thoughts of Pascal

By FRANCOIS MAURIAC

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POPE PIUS XI

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cluded a sufficiency of matter to enable the reader to judge the man and his work. As might be expected, the bulk of the book is taken up with the *Pensées*, upon which his fame is built.

Pascal, the writer, is secure in his niche of fame; Pascal, the man, will ever be an enigma, at least to Catholics. He became at the age of twenty-three an avowed Jansenist and remained such until on his death-bed he recanted his errors and died as Calvet says: "*dans la communion catholique, avec des sentiments de*

profonde ferveur." It is a strange paradox that his writings are so little influenced by Jansenistic rigorism, although they are tainted by the following faults: he made God too severe; original sin too destructive; reason too powerless; and faith too sentimental.

The sublime literary quality of Pascal's writings cannot be denied; as a moralist and theologian he must ever remain suspect. He wrote while indoctrinated with Jansenism, which has been aptly called by Calvet: "*une sorte de neurasthénie relig-*

ieuse." Hence his writings are not a healthy diet for weak religious souls. They should be read only by those who are aware of Pascal's erroneous teachings, are familiar with the Jansenist theology, and who are therefore able to sift the wheat from the chaff.

The translation from the French is excellent, and the Preface by M. Mauriac is very interesting.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$1.00.

CONFRATERNITY of the Most Holy Cross and Passion

Ignominy and Glory

IN CONTEMPLATING the Passion of Jesus Christ the eye of the soul should be kept continually fixed, at one time on the Humanity which suffers, at another on the Divinity which providentially arranges all that has been ordained by mercy from eternal ages. Wherefore this Man-God, knowing that the hour is come in which—not by necessity but by His own free will—He is to be crucified, stretches Himself on the cross, placing His back which is all wounds on the hard and rough wood. There is no need to use force with Him. He stretches out His hands as if desirous to embrace His beloved people.

What pain, and what horrible convulsions, as the repeated blows with the hammer lacerate the flesh, the muscles, the veins, and the arteries of this most delicate body.

But let us not fix our thoughts on His bodily pain so as to forget the afflictions of His soul. What heart-rending anguish must we believe His to be at seeing Himself thus covered with ignominies and overwhelmed with sufferings! Nevertheless, all He suffers does not prevent the mind from exercising virtuous acts. What acts of love to God does He not make! What acts of love for us! What acts of love for the cross, so closely united and fastened to it as He is!

He is crucified for the reason that He is Jesus, that is, Saviour. He is Jesus; and because He is Jesus, God and Man, behold how while His Humanity suffers the Divinity beams forth with royal majesty over His head.

My Jesus, my Saviour, my God! How consoling it is for me that Thy innocence is manifested amid calumnies, and Thy glory amid ignominies! Whenever I behold the crucifix or meditate upon the crucifixion I shall remember to believe and to confess that this Man of Sorrows is true God. O Jesus, true God and true Man, I believe in Thee, I hope in Thee, I love Thee—do Thou have mercy on me.

FATHER RAYMUND, C.P., DIRECTOR
ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY UNION CITY, N. J.

GEMMA'S LEAGUE OF PRAYER

SAINTE Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy is the patron of this League.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League, should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY Month of July 1940

Masses said	28
Masses heard	28,737
Holy Communion	8,487
Visits to B. Sacrament	29,125
Spiritual Communion	54,185
Benediction Services	14,560
Sacrifices, Sufferings	26,810
Stations of the Cross	29,904
Visits to the Crucifix	12,521
Beads of the Five Wounds	2,935
Offerings of PP. Blood	42,301
Visits to Our Lady	10,138
Rosaries	11,035
Beads of the Seven Dolors	4,728
Ejaculatory Prayers	633,536
Hours of Study, Reading	9,638
Hours of Labor	10,856
Acts of Charity & Zeal	51,005
Prayers, Devotions	160,830
Hours of Silence	7,532
Various Works	29,425
Holy Hours	1,283

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Rev. Leonard Byrne, C.P.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Bernard J. Quinn
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Bernard S. Conaty
Very Rev. George Meyer, S.M.
Rev. Francis Woodlock, S.J.
Rev. John J. Loughran, S.T.D.
Rev. Joseph Cordes
Rev. James Smyth
Rev. Joseph R. Agrella
Rev. Thomas A. Fowers
Mother M. Mercedes (O'Connor)
Mother Maria (Kaupas)
Sr. M. St. Hugh (McDonald)
Sr. Mary of St. Martin (Curran)
Sr. M. Rosemary (Marsh)
Sr. Mary Leonard (Wynne)
Sr. Mary of St. Francis Xavier (Reuter)
Sr. M. Justina (Collins)
Margaret Nilan
Arthur Nilan
Henry Halligan
Olive Tremblay
Mary A. Meehan
Sarah McKay
Edmund Powers
Timothy F. Harrington
Mrs. James J. Riley
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Patricia Donovan
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Mrs. Ed. Finn
Elizabeth Sheehan
Genevieve O'Connell
Dennis J. Flaherty
Mrs. Hugh Davey
Bruno Kolb
Catherine Wiseman
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Mr. J. M. Cunningham
Mrs. George Metzger
William Anstiss
Michael Reiss
Edward T. Rohleder
Irwin Robert Scheer
Kathleen Breslin
Meriam Jordan
Eugene J. Cunningham
Felice McLaughlin
Julia Kelly
Helen Harmon
Charles E. Bevington
James Bailey
Emma Fuerst
Mrs. Anton E. Smisek
Sarah Bonner Bradley
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Margaret M. Murphy
Margaret M. Hawkins
Joseph Sullivan
David Barberian
Julia Daley
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Loretta O'Neil
John A. Rourke
Mary Jane Velle
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Cyrus W. Endler
Alice H. Sweeney
Margaret Punch
Elizabeth McGarvey
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George A. Kelter
Joseph Gettsy
Mrs. John Callery
Victor Dulzo
Charles F. Foght, Jr.
Pierre Poche
John J. Monahan
Annie Hafferty
George Schermer
James A. McDonald
Louise A. Clark
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Grace L. White
Margaret A. Wissler
Joseph Kosicek
Mary Alice Glancey
Col. J. P. Reynolds Landis
George A. Klein
Margaret Welsh
Robert T. Parker
Delia Curran
Louis Brender
Ida Hormuth
Mary King
Anna Kuchar
Irene Casey
Sophie Gref
Jeanette Haggerty

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



SOMEONE has well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions which are promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

AMONG THOSE REMEMBERED

Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of.....(\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.



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We suggest your consideration of the academies and colleges listed in our educational directory (pages 62-63 of this issue). Further information is available by writing directly to the schools advertised.

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